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And the sad Poplar speak MARIA'S Woe;
Yet in some Measure to Solace the Maid,
The faithful Dog, and friendly Pipe give Aid.

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PREFACE.

MISCELLANEOUS Publications like that which we now have the honour to preſent to the Public, are among the moſt entertaining literary productions, and claim a large proportion of real merit. To reduce *uſeful knowledge* to a ſmall compaſs, and blend *delight* with *inſtruction*, is undoubtedly a laudable attempt; this object we have had conſtantly in view, and we ſincerely hope that our attainment is nearly equal to our wiſhes.

The following pages are partly Original and partly ſelected from Authors of eſtabliſhed reputation; we might give their names but their works ſpeak for them, and want no additional ſanction. Original genius, elegance of diction, brilliancy of fancy, and above all, ſolidity of judgment, are their characteriſtics; theſe are the features by which they are diſtinguiſhed, and from ſuch Writers part of our work is compiled.

We heartily wiſh we had it in our power, whilſt we are giving the world a true deſcription of this *uſeful* and *entertaining work*, to congratulate the world upon the acquiſition of many ſuch valuable publications, but we are ſorry to remark, that though there are a number of books which have pompous title-pages, and puffing prefaces, very few if any anſwer their deſcription, more pains being taken with decorating theſe than with making the work either *profitable* or *pleaſant*.

The man of vivacity, as well as the more ſedate reader, will find himſelf gratified by the peruſal of this NEW UNIVERSAL STORY TELLER, (a work of general utility and entertainment) as our ſtudy has been to *pleaſe* the fancy, and *inſtruct* the heart. Perſons who have a taſte for *Poetry*, will here find an admirable ſelection of *Poems*, ſome of which are truly original, and all of them well adapted

adapted to gratify the inclinations of those who are fond of that beautiful science.

The *Prose* and the *Verse* are both calculated to instil into the hearts of mankind *just* and *liberal sentiments*; to form and *improve* our taste and sensibility, and to inspire us with a generous emulation. The understandings of our youth of *both sexes*, will hereby be enlarged, and what is of still more importance, they will, we trust, be hereby formed to honour, candour, generosity and probity; qualifying them to enter upon public life with advantage, and to make them happy and useful members of society.

It is very frequently the case, that there is something so dry, harsh, and disgusting, in mere lessons of morality, that the young reader is often intimidated from perusing them, or if his parents or tutors compel him to it, they are generally read with a reluctance which totally prevents his reading them with the desired benefit; but when *pleasing and instructive narratives*, are related in an *engaging insinuating manner*, the moral they contain is imperceptibly imbibed and takes deep root in the mind; example being thus presented to view, is more prevalent than any serious precept however excellently compiled, or properly delivered.

Finally, We commend this publication to the patronage of the *public*; to *parents* and *children*, *old* and *young*, *rich* and *poor*; to those of more enlightened understandings than their neighbours, and to those who have not arrived at any extraordinary proficiency. Nothing is here inserted that will raise a blush in the modest cheek, no affront is offered to persons of the most virtuous principles; a religionist may read our book with pleasure, and the young and gay find *instruction* and *delight*.

THE EDITOR.

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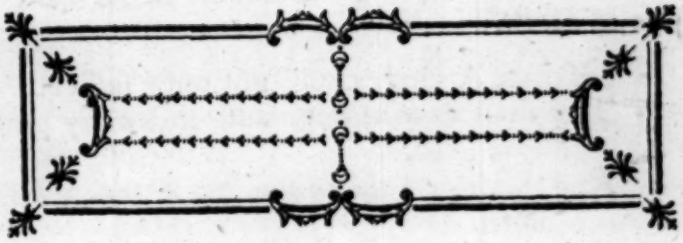

Anecdotes of Dr. YOUNG, *Author of "The Night-Thoughts, &c."*

DR. Young was rector of Welwyn in Hertfordshire; a living worth about five hundred pounds per annum; and though he was in the blaze of court favour, he never had the fortune to rise to greater preferment. Indeed, during the last reign, poetry as well as eloquence, was but little promoted or encouraged from the throne.

When the Doctor was pretty far advanced in life, he married the lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the late Earl of Litchfield. This lady was a widow and had two children, a son and a daughter who were both very meritorious, but both died young and in a short time of each other. What he felt for their loss as well as for that of his wife, we may easily perceive by his fine poem of the Night Thoughts, in which they are characterized, the young lady under the name of Narcissa, her brother by that of Philander, and his wife, though nameless, is frequently al-

luded to. He thus regrets his loſs in his apoſtrophe to death.

Inſatiate Archer, could not once ſuffice.
Thy ſhaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was ſlain,
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon renew'd her horn.

Of Dr. Young's tragedies, the *Revenge* is the beſt. This play met with very great ſucceſs. The deſign of it ſeems to have been borrowed partly from Shakeſpeare's Othello, and partly from Mrs. Behn's Abdallazar; the plot bearing many marks of the former; and the principal character Zanga, of the latter. Yet it will not ſurely be ſaying too much, when we affirm that Doctor Young has in many reſpects improved his originals. If we compare the Iago in one, with the Zanga in the other tragedy, we ſhall find the motives of reſentment greatly different, and thoſe of Young much more juſtly as well as more nobly founded than thoſe of Shakeſpear. Iago's cauſe of reſentment againſt Othello, is only his having ſet a younger officer over his head, and on a particular and ſingle vacancy, notwithſtanding he himſelf has reaſon to expect a poſt of equal advantage. To this is added, a ſlight ſuſpicion of Othello's having been too intimate with his wife. But Zanga's cauſe of anger is quite different. The death of his father, ſlain by Alonzo; the loſs of a kingdom in conſequence of his ſucceſs, and the indignity of a blow received from the ſame hand; all theſe accumulated injuries, added to the impoſſibility of finding a noble means of revenge, urge him againſt his will, to the more ſubtle and underhand methods he employs. Othello's jealouſy is raiſed by trifles, and by appearing too

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too credulous, he forfeits that pity which his diſtreſſes would otherwiſe demand. Alonzo, on the contrary, long ſtruggles againſt conviction, nor proceeds to extremities, till he finds *proofs riſe on proofs, and ſtill the laſt the ſtrongeſt.* In a word, we may aſſign this piece with great juſtice, a place in the very firſt rank of dramatic writings, and were we to ſhew foreigners a tragedy as a ſample of Engliſh genius, after two or three others, we ſhould produce the Revenge, written by Doctor Young, as a ſpecimen.

As a poet, the Doctor was conſidered as the only palladium of ancient genius; and as a Chriſtian, one of the fineſt examples of primeval piety. The turn of his mind was naturally ſolemn, and he uſually, when at home in the country, ſpent many hours of the day walking in his own churchyard among the tombs. His converſation, his writings, had all a reference to the life after this; and this turn of diſpoſition mixed itſelf even with his improvements in gardening. He had, for inſtance, an alcove with a bench ſo painted near his houſe, that at a diſtance it looked like a real one, which the ſpectator was then approaching. Upon coming up near it, the deception was perceived, and this motto appeared:

Inviſibilia non decipiunt.

Tranſlated,

The things unſeen do not deceive us.

Yet, notwithſtanding this gloomineſs of temper, he was fond of innocent ſports and amuſements; he inſtituted an aſſembly and a bowling-green in his pariſh, and often promoted the gaiety of the company in perſon.

His wit was very poignant, and always levelled at thoſe who expreſſed any contempt for decency and religion. His epigram ſpoken extempore on Voltaire, is well known, who happening in his company, to ridicule Milton and the allegorical perſonage of and death ſin; Young thus addreſſed him:

Thou art ſo witty, profligate, and thin,
You ſeem a Milton with his death and ſin.

When he firſt publiſhed his admirable Night-Thoughts, either through modeſty, or for ſome other reaſon, he choſe to conceal his name as the author, and publiſhed them in numbers. Sir Jeremy Sambrooke, a Baronet of great integrity, and remarkable for his hoſpitality, lived about ſeven miles from the Doctor, but ſo great was their intimacy that the Doctor uſed daily, when the weather permitted, to dine at Sir Jeremy's table. The Baronet was totally blind, yet very facetious, and a competent judge of men and books. He employed his nephew, who reſided in London, to ſend him down weekly, all the new publications. Amongſt others, the firſt number of the Night-Thoughts made its appearance. Sir Jeremy deſired Dr. Young would read it, which he accordingly did, and we may be ſure with great propriety, as none can read works better than the authors of them. The approbation of the company was teſtified in an extraordinary manner, and they were all very deſirous of knowing the author; ſome little time afterwards Dr. Young left the room to walk in the garden. Upon which Lady Judy Sambrooke ſaid, "Brother, I believe I have "found out the author of that excellent piece of "poetry the Doctor has been reading." "Ah, "ſiſter Judy," ſaid Sir Jeremy, "how came you

"to

" to be ſo much before-hand with us in your diſ-
" coveries; pray, who is the author?" "Why,"
ſaid ſhe, " the Gentleman who read it is the au-
" thor of it. And I have this reaſon for thinking
" ſo; I perceived the Doctor take his eyes from
" the book, and repeat three or four lines without
" looking at it, now you will judge whether or
" not he could do that upon the firſt ſight of a
" new publication, unleſs he was the author of
" it." When the Doctor returned, Sir Jeremy
ſaid to him; " Dr. Young, I am much indebted
" to you, for *reading* that incomparable work,
" but much more ſo for *writing* it."

Inſtance of FEMALE HEROISM, *and the mode of treating women in ſome countries.*

THE kingdom of Gurrat in Hindoſtan was governed by queen Dargocette, eminent for ſpirit and beauty. Small as that kingdom is, it contained about ſeventy thouſand towns and villages, the effect of long peace and proſperity. Being invaded by Aſaph Can, not many years ago, the queen mounted on an elephant, led her troops to battle. Her ſon Rajah Bier Shaw, being wounded in the heat of action, was by her orders carried from the field. That accident having occaſioned a general panic, the queen was left with no more than three hundred horſemen. Adhar, who conducted her elephant, exhorted her to retire, while it could be done with ſafety. The heroine rejected the advice. " It is true," ſaid ſhe, " we
" are overcome in battle; but not in honour.
" Shall I, for a lingering ignominious life, loſe
" a reputation that has been my chief ſtudy! Let

" your gratitude repay now the obligations you
" owe me: pull out your dagger, and ſave me
" from ſlavery, by putting an end to my life."

The Giagas, a fierce and wandering nation in the central parts of Africa, being ſupinely idle at home, ſubject their wives and their ſlaves to every ſort of drudgery, ſuch as digging, ſowing, reaping, cutting wood, grinding corn, fetching water, &c. Theſe poor creatures are ſuffered to toil in the fields and woods, ready to faint with exceſſive labour, while the monſters of men will not give themſelves even the trouble of training animals for work, though they have the example of the Portugueſe before their eyes.

It is the buſineſs of the women among the wandering Arabs of Africa, to card, ſpin, and weave, and to manage other houſhold affairs. They milk the cattle, grind, bake, brew, dreſs the victuals, and bring home wood and water. They even take care of their huſbands horſes, feed, curry, comb, bridle and ſaddle them. They would alſo, like Mooriſh wives, be obliged to dig, ſow, and reap their corn, but luckily for them, the Arabs live entirely upon plunder. Father Joſeph Gumilla, in his account of a country in South America, bordering upon the Great river Oronooko, deſcribes pathetically, the miſerable ſlavery of married women there, and mentions a practice that would appear incredible to one unacquainted with the manners of that country; which is, that married women frequently deſtroy their female infants. A married woman of a virtuous character and a good underſtanding, having been guilty of that crime, was reproached by our author in very bitter terms. She heard him patiently to the end of his diſcourſe with eyes fixed on the ground, and anſwered as follows: " I wiſh

" to

" to God, father, I wiſh to God, that my mo-
" ther had by my death, prevented the manifold
" diſtreſſes I have endured, and have yet to en-
" dure as long as I live. Had ſhe kindly ſtifled
" me at my birth, I ſhould not have felt the pain
" of death, nor numberleſs other pains to which
" life hath ſubjected me. Conſider, father, our
" deplorable condition. Our huſbands go out to
" hunt with their bows and arrows, and trouble
" themſelves no farther. We are dragged along
" with one infant at our breaſt and another in a
" baſket. They return in the evening without
" any burthen; we return with the burthen of
" our children; and though tired out with a long
" march, are not permitted to ſleep, but muſt la-
" bour the whole night in grinding maize, to
" make chica for them. They get drunk and in
" their drunkenneſs they beat us, draw us by the
" hair of the head, and tread us under foot. And
" what have we to comfort us for ſlavery, per-
" haps of twenty years? A young wife is brought
" in upon us, who is permitted to abuſe us and
" our children, becauſe we are no longer regard-
" ed. Can human nature endure ſuch tyranny?
" What kindneſs can we ſhew to our female chil-
" dren, equal to that of delivering them from ſuch
" ſervitude, more bitter a thouſand times than
" death! I ſay again, would to God, that my
" mother had put me under ground the moment
" I was born."

One would imagine, that the women of that country ſhould have the greateſt abhorrence of matrimony; but all-prevailing nature determines the contrary; and the appetite for matrimony overbalances every rational conſideration.

Upon a review of ſuch conduct as this, how happy ſhould Engliſh women think themſelves, whoſe

whoſe condition is ſo much the reverſe from that of thoſe poor wretches. Let them at leaſt forbear from that ſpirit of uſurpation to which they are ſo prone, and from a principle of gratitude learn ſome ſmall degree of ſubjection.

Savage Manners, and a remarkable inſtance of Ruſſian *barbarity.*

HERODOTUS ſays, that a Scythian preſents the King with the heads of the enemies he has killed in battle; and the man who does not bring a head, gets no ſhare of the plunder. He adds, that many Scythians clothe themſelves with the ſkins of men, and make uſe of the ſkulls of their enemies to drink out of. Diodorus Siculus reports of the Gauls, that they carry home the heads of their enemies ſlain in battle; and after embalming them, depoſit them in cheſts as their chief trophy, bragging of the ſums offered for theſe heads by the friends of the deceaſed, and refuſed.

No ſavages were more cruel than the Greeks and Trojans, as deſcribed by Homer; men were butchered in cold blood, towns were reduced to aſhes, ſovereigns were expoſed to the moſt humiliating indignities, and no reſpect was paid to age or ſex. The young Adraſtus thrown from his car, and lying on his face in the duſt, obtained quarter from Menelaus. Agamemnon upbraided his brother for lenity: "Let none from deſtruction eſ-
"cape," ſaid he, "not even the liſping infant
"in the mother's arms: all her ſons muſt with
"Illium fall, and on her ruins unburied remain."

He

He pierced the ſuppliant with his ſpear, and ſetting the foot on the body pulled it out.

Hector having ſtript Patroclus of his arms, drags the ſlain along, vowing to lop the head from the trunk and to give the mangled corſe, a prey to the dogs of Troy. And the 17th book of the Illiad is wholly employed in deſcribing the conteſt about the body, between the Greeks and the Trojans.

Beſides the brutality of preventing the laſt duties from being performed to a dead friend, it is a low ſcene, unworthy of heroes. It was equally brutal in Achilles, to drag the corſe of Hector to the ſhips, tied to his car. In a ſcene between Hector and Andromache, the treatment of vanquiſhed enemies is pathetically deſcribed; ſovereigns maſſacred and their bodies left a prey to dogs and vultures; ſucking infants daſhed againſt the pavement; ladies of the firſt rank forced to perform the loweſt acts of ſlavery. Hector doth not diſſemble, when he foretold, that if Troy was conquered, his poor wife would be condemned to draw water like the vileſt ſlave.

Hecuba in Euripides, laments, that ſhe was chained like a dog at Agamemnon's gate; and the ſame ſavage manners are deſcribed in many other Greek tragedies. Prometheus makes free with the heavenly fire, in order to give life to man. As a puniſhment for bringing rational creatures into exiſtence, the Gods decree, that he be chained to a rock and abandoned to birds of prey. Vulcan is introduced by Eſchylus rattling the chain, nailing one end to a rock and the other to the breaſt-bone of the criminal. Who but an American ſavage, can now behold ſuch a ſpectacle, without being ſhocked? A ſcene repreſenting a woman murdered by her children would be

be hiſſed by every modern audience, and yet that horrid ſcene was repreſented with applauſe in the Electra of Sophocles. Menander ſays, that even the Gods cannot inſpire a ſoldier with civility; no wonder that the Greek ſoldiers were brutes and barbarians, when war was waged, not only againſt the ſtate, but againſt every individual.

The Greeks are the leſs excuſeable for their cruelty, as they appear to have been ſenſible, that humanity is a cardinal virtue. Barbarians are always painted by Homer, as cruel; poliſhed nations as tender and compaſſionate.

> Ye Gods! (he cried) upon what barren coaſt,
> In what new region is Ulyſſes toſt;
> Poſſeſs'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
> Or men whoſe boſom tender pity warms.
>
> ODYSSEY, Book xiii. 241.

That cruelty was predominant among the Romans, is evident from every one of their hiſtorians. During the ſecond triumvirate, horrid cruelties were every day perpetrated without pity or remorſe. Anthony having ordered Cicero to be beheaded, and the head being brought to him, viewed it with ſavage pleaſure. His wife Fulvia, laid hold of it and ſtruck it on the face, uttered many bitter execrations, and having placed it between her knees, drew out the tongue and pierced it with a bodkin.

The following inſtance of barbarity, excels any already mentioned.

Madam Lapouchin, the great ornament of the court of Peterſburg, during the reign of the Empreſs Elizabeth, having contracted an intimacy with a foreign ambaſſador, was brought under ſuſpicion of plotting with him againſt the govern-

government, and was accordingly condemned to undergo the puniſhment of the knout. At the place of execution ſhe appeared in a genteel undreſs, which heightened her beauty. Of whatever indiſcretion ſhe might have been guilty, the ſweetneſs of her countenance, and her compoſure, left not in the ſpectators the ſlighteſt ſuſpicion of guilt. Her youth alſo, her beauty, her life and ſpirit pleaded for her. But all in vain: ſhe was deſerted by all, and abandoned to ſurly executioners, whom ſhe beheld with aſtoniſhment, ſeeming to doubt whether ſuch preparations were intended for her. The cloak that covered her boſom being pulled off, modeſty took the alarm, and made her ſtart back: ſhe turned pale, and burſt into tears. One of the executioners ſtripped her naked to the waiſt, ſeized her by both hands, and threw her on his back, raiſing her ſome inches from the ground. The other executioner laying hold of her delicate limbs with his rough fiſts, put her in a poſture for receiving the puniſhment. Then laying hold of the knout, a ſort of a whip made of a leather ſtrap, he retreated a few ſteps, and with a ſingle ſtroke tore off a ſlip of ſkin from the neck downward, repeating his ſtrokes till all the ſkin of her back was cut off in ſmall ſlips. The executioner finiſhed his taſk by cutting out her tongue; after which ſhe was baniſhed to Siberia.

The preſent Empreſs of Ruſſia, has laid an excellent foundation for civilizing her people, which is a code of laws, founded upon the principles of civil liberty, baniſhing ſlavery and torture, and expreſſing the utmoſt regard for the life, property and liberties of all her ſubjects high and low. Peter I. reformed many bad cuſtoms; but being rough in his own manners, he left the manners

of

of his people as he found them. If this Empreſs happens to enjoy a long and proſperous reign, ſhe may poſſibly accompliſh the moſt difficult of all undertakings, that of poliſhing her people. No taſk is too arduous for a woman of ſuch ſpirit.

Anecdote of Monſieur THUROT.

WHEN Monſ. Thurot, during our late war with France, appeared on the coaſt of Scotland with three armed veſſels, the terror he at firſt ſpread, ſoon yielded to admiration, inſpired by his humanity. He paid a full price for every thing he wanted; and in general behaved with ſo much affability, that a countryman ventured to complain to him of an officer who had taken from him fifty or ſixty guineas. The officer acknowledged the fact; but ſaid, that he had divided the money among his men. Thurot ordered the officer to give his bill for the money, which he ſaid, ſhould be ſtopped out of his pay, if they were ſo fortunate as to return to France. Compare this incident with that of the great Scipio, celebrated in Roman ſtory, who reſtored a beautiful bride to the bridegroom, and it will not ſuffer by the compariſon. Another inſtance is no leſs remarkable. One of his officers gave a bill upon a merchant in France, for the price of proviſions purchaſed by him. Thurot having accidentally ſeen the bill, informed the countryman, that it was of no value, reprimanded the officer bitterly for the cheat, and compelled him to give a bill upon a merchant whom he knew would pay the money. At that very time, Thurot's men were in bad humour, and were diſpoſed to mutiny. In ſuch

circumſtances, would not Thurot have been excuſed, for winking at a fraud to which he was not acceſſary? But he acted all along with the ſtricteſt honour, even at the hazard of a mutiny. Common honeſty to an enemy is not a common practice in war. Thurot was ſtrictly honeſt in circumſtances that made the exertion of common honeſty an act of the higheſt magnanimity. Theſe incidents ought to be held up to princes as examples of true heroiſm. War carried on in that manner, would, from deſolation and horror, be converted into a fair field for acquiring true military glory, and for exerciſing every manly virtue.

This great man will be kept in remembrance by every true-hearted Briton; though he died fighting againſt us. But he died in the field of honour, fighting for his country.

The policy of the Greeks and Romans in war, was to weaken the ſtate by deſtroying its people. Humanity with us prevails even in war. Individuals not in arms are ſecure, which ſaves much innocent blood. Priſoners were formerly ſet at liberty by paying a ranſom, and by later improvements in manners, even that practice is left off, as too mercantile, and a more honourable one is inſtituted, that of exchanging priſoners. Humanity was carried to a ſtill greater height in our late war with France, by an agreement between the Duke de Noailles and the Earl of Stair, that the hoſpitals for the ſick and wounded ſoldiers ſhould be free from all hoſtilities. When the French troops were compelled to abandon their conqueſts in the electorate of Hanover, their Generals every where burnt their magazines and plundered their people. The Duke de Raudan, who commanded in the city of Hanover, put the magiſtrates in poſſeſſion of his magazines, requeſting

to distribute their contents among the poor; and he was besides extremely vigilant to prevent his soldiers from committing acts of violence. As we prize humanity wherever it is exercised, we cannot help expressing a wish, that the American General Lincoln, and the French Count D'Estaing, had given us some specimen of it in their late attack upon Savannah; on the contrary, we are sorry to say, that they refused a vessel to convey away the women and children, which was requested of these commanders, in order that they might not be witnesses to the horrors of a siege.

In some of their bombardments several women and children were killed. How contrary this to the humanity and true heroism of Monsieur Thurot.

The French *Lover.*

THE Marquis De F— was on the point of being married. He called at Dr. M's lodgings in Paris a few days ago. His air was so very gay, that Dr. M. imagined he had some agreeable news to communicate. *Me voilà au déseſpoir, mon cher ami,* (Behold me in despair, my dear friend) said he, with a loud laugh. You are the merriest man I ever saw in that situation, said Dr. M. He then said that the old Marquis de R. his mistress's father, had waited on his mother, and after ten thousand apologies and circumlocutions, had given her to understand that certain things had intervened, which rendered it impossible that he should ever have the honourof being father-in-law to her son, and requested her to inform him, how

how infinitely eaſy he and all his family were, at an incident which deprived them of the pleaſure they had expected from that connection. His mother, he ſaid, had endeavoured to diſcover the incident which has produced this alteration, but to no purpoſe. The old gentleman contented himſelf with aſſuring her that the particulars would be equally diſagreeable and ſuperfluous, and then took his leave in the moſt polite and affectionate terms that the French language could furniſh him with.

The Marquis de F. told Dr. M. this with an air ſo eaſy and contented, that the Doctor did not well know what to make of it. My dear Marquis, ſaid he, it is fortunate that I have been miſtaken, for you muſt know I had taken it into my head that you were fond of the lady. You were in the right, my friend, ſaid the Marquis, *Je l'aimai infiniment*, (I love her infinitely)——*Comment infiniment*, (How infinitely!)——ſaid the Doctor, and yet be ſo merry when you are juſt going to loſe her!—*Mais vous autres Anglois*, ſaid he, *vous avez dez idées ſi bizarres: aimer infiniment, cela veut dire aimer comme en aime, tout le monde aime ainſi quand il ne ſe hait pas. Mais je vous couterai toute l'hiſtoire.* But you Engliſh, ſaid he, have ſuch whimſical ideas; to love infinitely means to love as they love you; every body loves in this manner when they don't hate the object. But I'll tell you the whole hiſtory ——

My mother, added he, who is the beſt creature in the world, and whom I love with all my ſoul, told me this marriage would make her quite happy. All my uncles and aunts and couſins for ten generations told me the ſame. I was informed, over and above, that the lady, her father, and all her relations, wiſhed this alliance with the moſt

obliging earneſtneſs. The girl herſelf is tolerable pretty. They will perſuade me to marry ſome time or other, thought I; why not now as well as at any other time? Why ſhould I refuſe to do a thing which will pleaſe ſo many people, without being in the ſmalleſt degree diſpleaſing to myſelf?——To be ſure, ſaid Dr. M. that would have been ill-natured. It was lucky, however, that you happened to be perfectly diſengaged, and did not prefer any other woman.

You are miſtaken my friend, ſaid he, I preferred many to the lady in queſtion, and one in particular, whoſe name I will not mention, but whom I love, whom I do love. *Comme on aime*, (How they love one another) ſaid the Doctor, interrupting him.—*Non parbleu!* (no faith) added he, with warmth, *comme on aime pas!* (How they *don't* love) Good heaven then cried the Doctor, how could you think of marrying another? *Cela n'empeche rien*, (That don't hinder me) ſaid the Marquis coolly; for I could not marry the other. She had the ſtart of me, and had undergone the ceremony already; and therefore ſhe had no objection to my obliging my mother and relations in this particular, for ſhe is the beſt natured woman in the world. So ſhe appears to be, ſaid the Doctor. *O, pour cela oui, monches*, (O as for that my dear) added he, *elle eſt la burte meme*, (ſhe is goodneſs itſelf). However I am very well pleaſed upon the whole, that the affair has gone off without any fault of mine; and though it is poſſible that it may be brought on at a future period, I ſhall ſtill be a gainer, *parceque un marriage recule eſt toujours autant de gagna ſur le repentis*, (Becauſe a marriage that is broken off, when renewed is ſo much gained upon the repenting party) ſo ſaying, he

he wheeled on his heels, humming, *Non, tu ne le mettre pas, Colin, &c.*

DUBOIS *and* FANCHON,

A true Anecdote, as related by Dr. M.

MY friend the Count de L. called on me at Paris a few days ſince, and as ſoon as he underſtood that I had no particular engagement, he inſiſted that I ſhould drive ſomewhere into the country, dine tete-a-tete with him, and return in time for the play.

When we had driven a few miles I perceived a genteel-looking young fellow dreſſed in an old uniform. He ſat under a tree, on the graſs, at a little diſtance from the road, and amuſed himſelf by playing on the violin. As we came nearer we perceived he had a wooden leg, part of which lay in fragments by his ſide.—What do you there, ſoldier? ſaid the Count. I am on the way home to my own village, *mon officer*, ſaid the ſoldier. But my good friend, ſaid the Count, you will be a long time before you arrive at your journey's end, if you have no other carriage beſides theſe, pointing to the fragments of his broken leg. I wait for my equipage and all my ſuite, ſaid the ſoldier; and I am greatly miſtaken if I do not ſee them this moment coming down the hill.

We ſaw a kind of a cart drawn by one horſe, in which was a woman and a peaſant that drove the horſe. While they drew near, the ſoldier told us he had been wounded in Corſica, that his

leg had been cut off, that before ſetting out on that expedition he had been contracted to a young woman in the neighbourhood, that the marriage had been poſtponed to his return; but when he appeared with the wooden leg, that all the girl's relations had oppoſed the match. The girl's mother, who was her only ſurviving parent, when he began his courtſhip had always been his friend, but ſhe had died whilſt he was abroad. The young woman herſelf, however, remained firm in her affections, received him with open arms, and had agreed to leave her relations and accompany him to Paris, from whence they intended to ſet out in the diligence to the town where he was born, and where his father ſtill lived. That on his way to Paris, his wooden leg had ſnapped, which had obliged his miſtreſs to leave him, and go to the next village in queſt of a cart to carry him thither, where he intended remaining till ſuch time as the carpenter ſhould renew his leg. *C'eſt un malheur*, (It is a misfortune) concluded the ſoldier, *mon officer, bien tôt repare——et voici mon amie!* (It is ſoon repaired, my officer, and behold here is my friend!)——

The girl ſprung from the cart, ſeized the outſtretched hand of her lover, and told him with a ſmile full of ſatisfaction, that ſhe had found an admirable carpenter, who had promiſed to make a leg that would not break, that it would be ready by to-morrow, and that afterwards they might reſume their journey as ſoon as they pleaſed. The ſoldier received his miſtreſſes compliments as they deſerved. She ſeemed about twenty years of age, a beautiful, fine ſhaped girl, a brunette, whoſe countenance indicated ſentiment and vivacity.—You muſt be much fatigued, my dear, ſaid the Count. *Ou ne ſe fatigue pas Monſieur quand ou*

travaille

travaille pour ce qu'on aime, (It is no fatigue, Sir, when we are employed in the ſervice of thoſe we love) replied the girl. The ſoldier kiſſed her hand with a gallant and tender air. When a woman has fixed her heart upon a man, you ſee, ſaid the Count, turning to me, it is not a leg more or leſs that will make her change her ſentiments. Nor was it his leg, ſaid Fanchon, which made any impreſſion on my heart. If they had made a little, however, ſaid the Marquis, you would not have been ſingular in your way of thinking; but *allons*, continued he, addreſſing himſelf to me. This girl is quite charming, her lover has the appearance of a brave fellow, they have but three legs amongſt them, and we have four; if you have no objection, they ſhall have the carriage and we will follow on foot to the next village, and ſee what can be done for theſe lovers. I never agreed to a propoſal with more pleaſure in my life.

The ſoldier began to make difficulties about entering the vis-à-vis, Come, come, friend, ſaid the Count, I am a Colonel, and it is your duty to obey, get in without more ado, and your miſtreſs ſhall follow.

Entrons, mon bon ami, (Let us get in, my dear friend) ſaid the girl, ſince theſe gentlemen inſiſt upon doing us ſo much honour: A girl, like you, would do honour to the fineſt coach in France, ſaid the Count, and nothing could pleaſe me more than to make you both quite happy. *Laiſez moi faire, mon Colonel*, (Let me alone, Colonel) ſaid the ſoldier. *Je ſuis heureuſe comme une reine*, (I am as happy as a queen) ſaid Fanchon. Away moved the carriage, and the Count and I followed.——

Voyes vous, combein nous ſommes heureux nous autres Francois a bon marche, (as they were walking faſt,

faſt, ſee how happy we Frenchmen are) ſaid the Count to me, adding with a ſmile, *le contieur, à ce qu'on m'a dit, ut plus chez en Angleterre*, (They tell me happineſs is obtained with more difficulty in England). But, anſwered I, how long will this laſt with theſe poor people? *Ah, pour le coup*, (Its for a moment) ſaid he, *verità une reflexion bien Angloiſe*, (That's a true Engliſh reflection) that is indeed what I cannot tell; neither do I know how long you and I may live; but I fancy it would be great folly to be ſorrowful through life, becauſe we don't know how ſoon misfortunes may come, and becauſe we are quite certain that death is to come at laſt.

When we arrived at the inn, to which we had ordered the man to drive, we found the ſoldier and Fanchon. After having ordered ſome victuals and wine, pray, ſaid I to the ſoldier, how do you propoſe to maintain your wife and yourſelf? One who has contrived to live for five years on ſoldiers pay, replied he, can have little difficulty for the reſt of his life. I can play tolerably well on the fiddle, added he, and perhaps there is not a village in all France of the ſize, where there are ſo many weddings as that in which we are going to ſettle. I ſhall never want employment. And I, ſaid Fanchon, can weave hair nets and ſilk purſes, and mend ſtockings. Beſides, my uncle has two hundred livres of mine in his hands, and though he is brother-in-law to the bailiff and *Volontiers brutal*, yet I will make him pay it every *ſous*. And I, ſaid the ſoldier, have fifteen livres in my pocket; beſides two louis-d'ors that I lent to a poor farmer to enable him to pay the taxes, which he will repay as ſoon as he is able.

You

You ſee, ſir, ſaid Fanchon to me, that we are not objects of compaſſion. May we not be happy, my good friend, (turning to her lover with a look of exquiſite tenderneſs) if it be not our fault?—If you are not, *ma douce ami!* (my ſweet friend) ſaid the ſoldier with great warmth, *je ſcrai bien a plaindre*, (I ſhall be much to blame)—I never felt a more charming ſenſation. The tear trembled in the Count's eye. *Maſoi*, (Faith) ſaid he to me, *c'eſt une comedie larmeyante* (It is a charming adventure). Then turning to Fanchon, Come hither, my dear, ſaid he, till you can get payment of the two hundred livres, and my friend here recovers his two louis, accept of this from me, putting a purſe of louis into her hand; I hope you will continue to love your huſband, and to be loved by him. Let me know from time to time how your affairs go on, and how I can ſerve you. This will inform you of my name, and where I live. But if ever you do me the pleaſure of calling at my houſe in Paris, be ſure to bring your huſband with you; for I would not wiſh to eſteem you leſs or love you more than I do this moment. Let me ſee you ſometimes, but always bring your huſband with you.—I ſhall never be afraid to truſt her with you, ſaid the ſoldier: ſhe ſhall ſee you as often as ſhe pleaſes, without my going with her.

It was by too much venturing (as your ſerjeant told me) that you loſt your leg, my beſt friend, ſaid Fanchon with a ſmile to her lover. *Monſieur le Colonel n'eſt que trop aimable*, (The Colonel is but too agreeable). I ſhall follow his advice literally, and when I have the honour of waiting on him, you ſhall always attend me.

Heaven bleſs you both, my good friends, ſaid the Count; may he never know what happineſs

is

is who attempts to interrupt your felicity. It ſhall be my buſineſs to find out ſome employment for you, my fellow ſoldier, more profitable than playing on the fiddle. In the mean time ſtay here till a coach comes, which ſhall bring you both this night to Paris; my ſervant ſhall provide lodgings for you and the beſt ſurgeon for wooden legs that can be found. Adieu, my honeſt fellow; be kind to Fanchon; ſhe ſeems to deſerve your love. Adieu, Fanchon. I ſhall be happy to hear you are as fond of Dubois two years hence, as you are at preſent. So ſaying he ſhook Dubois by the hand, ſaluted Fanchon, puſhed me into the carriage, and away we drove.

The Military Ardour of a corpulent General Officer, and Parade Devotion.

AT a certain parade where the Sovereign himſelf was preſent and many officers aſſembled, a corpulent general officer ſuddenly ſtarted, as if he had ſeen ſomething preternatural. He immediately waddled towards the ranks with all the expedition of a terrified gander. It was ſurpriſing to the ſpectators, what had put his excellency into a commotion ſo little ſuitable to his years and habit of body. While they were on tip-toe to obſerve the iſſue of this phænomenon, he arrived at the ranks, and in great wrath, which probably had been augmented by the heat acquired in his courſe, he pulled off one of the ſoldiers hats, which it ſeems had not been properly cocked, and adjuſted it to his mind. Having regulated the military

military diſcipline in this important particular, he returned to the Prince's right hand, with a ſtrut expreſſive of the higheſt ſelf-approbation.

At Heidelberg in Germany, not only the ſoldiers muſquets and the attitudes of their bodies, but alſo their devotions are under the direction of the Major's cane. The following motions are performed, as part of the military manouvres every day, before the troops are marched to their different guards. The Major flouriſhes his cane, the drum beats a ſingle tap, and every man under arms raiſes his hand to his hat; at a ſecond ſtroke on the drum, they take off their hats, and are ſuppoſed to pray; at a third they finiſh their petitions and put their hats on their heads. If any man has the aſſurance to prolong his prayer a minute longer than the drum indicates, he is puniſhed on the ſpot, and taught to be leſs devout in future. The ingenious inventer of drums certainly never dreamt of their becoming the regulators of peoples piety. But the modern improvements in the military art are very wonderful! and we need not deſpair after this, of ſeeing a whole regiment, by the proof of diſcipline, ſo modelled as to eat, drink, and perform other animal functions, uniformly together at the word of command, as they poiſe their firelocks.

Revenge of a Tobacconiſt, as related by Dr. M.

AS I was riding one day along the banks of the Maine, near the village of Heix, which is in the territory of the elector of Mentz, I obſerved a building which ſeemed to be the reſidence of ſome prince

prince or biſhop at leaſt. I was ſurprized I never had heard it ſpoken of, as it had a more magnificent appearance than any modern building I had ſeen in Germany. I rode up, and upon entering it, found that the apartments within (though not laid out in the beſt taſte) ſeemed to correſpond in point of expence with the external appearance.

I was informed by the workmen, who were employed in finiſhing theſe apartments, that this palace belonged to a tobacconiſt in Frankfort, where he ſtill kept a ſhop, and had accumulated a prodigious fortune by making and ſelling ſnuff.

Near to the principal houſe is another great building intended for a workhouſe, in which tobacco is to be manufactured, with many apartments for the workmen, and vaulted cellars in which the various kinds of ſnuff are to be kept moiſt, 'till ſent for inland ſale to Frankfort, or ſhipped at the Main for foreign markets.

The owner informed me, that there were exactly three hundred rooms in both buildings, and the greater number of theſe belonged to the dwelling houſe. I did not chuſe to puzzle the man by difficult queſtions, and therefore refrained from enquiring what uſe he intended to make of ſuch an amazing number of rooms, which ſeemed rather contrived as barracks for two or three thouſand ſoldiers than any other purpoſe.

When I returned to town I was informed, that this perſon is not a native of Frankfort, though he has been many years eſtabliſhed there, and had applied to the magiſtrates for liberty to purchaſe a certain ſpot of ground, on which he propoſed to build a dwelling-houſe, &c. which cannot be done without the conſent of the magiſtrates. This being refuſed, he bought a piece of land in the territory of Mentz, immediately

beyond that of Franckfort, and on the banks of the Maine; and being highly piqued by the refuſal he had met with from the magiſtrates, he reared a building greatly larger and more extenſive than was neceſſary, or than he firſt intended, in full perſuaſion that the remorſe of the magiſtrates would be in proportion to the ſize of his fabric. The tobacconiſt has already expended fifty thouſand pounds on this temple of vengeance, and his wrath againſt the magiſtrates ſeems ſtill unappeaſed, for he continues to laviſh his money with a rancour againſt theſe unfortunate men, that is very unbecoming a Chriſtian. The inhabitants of Franckfort, while they acknowledge the imprudence of the magiſtrates, do not applaud the wiſdom of their antagoniſt, in whoſe brain they aſſert there muſt be ſome apartments as empty as any in the vaſt ſtructure he is building.

Variety of Manners illuſtrated in the different Behaviour of a French *and* German *Poſtillion.*

A French poſtillion is generally either laughing or fretting, or ſinging or ſwearing, all the time he is on the road. If a hill or a bad road oblige him to go ſlow, he will of a ſudden fall a cracking his whip over his head for a quarter of an hour together, without rhime or reaſon; for he knows the horſes cannot go a bit faſter, neither does he mean they ſhould. All this noiſe and emotion therefore means nothing, and proceeds entirely from that natural abhorrence of

quiet, which every Frenchman ſucks in with his mother's milk.

A German poſtillion on the contrary, drives four horſes with all poſſible tranquillity. He neither ſings, nor frets, nor laughs. He only ſmokes, and when he comes near a narrow defile, he ſounds his trumpet, to prevent any carriage from entering at the other end till he has got through. If you call to him to go faſter, he turns about, looks you in the face, takes his pipe from his mouth and ſays, *Yau Mynheer*, *Yau Yau*, and then proceeds exactly in the ſame pace as before. He is no way affected whether the road be good or bad; whether it rains or ſhines, or ſnows, and he ſeems to be totally regardleſs of the people whom he drives, and equally callous to their reproach or applauſe. He has one object of which he never loſes ſight, which is to conduct your chaiſe and its contents from one poſt to another, in the manner he thinks beſt for himſelf and his horſes. And unleſs his pipe goes out (in which caſe he ſtrikes his flint and rekindles it) he ſeems not to have any other idea during the whole journey. The beſt courſe is to let him have his own way at firſt, for it will come to that at laſt, all noiſe and bluſter is in vain.

Violent Paſſion for Literature of a Court Lady at Brunſwick.

THE character of a ſovereign at every court, has great influence in forming the taſte and manners of courtiers. This muſt operate with increaſed force in the little court of Germany, where

where the parties are brought nearer to each other, and ſpend moſt of their time together. The pleaſure which the Ducheſs of Brunſwick takes in ſtudy, has made reading very faſhionable amongſt the ladies of the court. The following curious inſtance is a ſufficient proof of it:

A lady whoſe education had been neglected in her youth, and who had arrived at a very ripe age without perceiving any inconvenience from the accident, had obtained by the intereſt of ſome of her relations, a place at the court of Brunſwick. She had not been there long till ſhe perceived that the converſation in the Ducheſs's apartments frequently turned upon ſubjects of which ſhe was entirely ignorant, and that thoſe ladies had moſt of her Royal Highneſs's ear who were beſt acquainted with books. She regretted for the firſt time, the neglect of her own education, and although ſhe had hitherto conſidered that kind of knowledge, which is derived from reading as unbecoming a woman of quality, yet as it was now faſhionable at court ſhe reſolved to ſtudy hard, that ſhe might get on the top of the mode as faſt as poſſible. She mentioned this reſolution to the Ducheſs, deſiring at the ſame time that her Highneſs would lend her a book to begin. The Ducheſs applauded her deſign, and promiſed to ſend one of the moſt uſeful in her library, it was a French and German dictionary. Some days after, her Highneſs enquired how ſhe reliſhed the book. Infinitely, replied this ſtudious lady. It is the moſt delightful book I ever ſaw. The ſentences are all ſhort and eaſily underſtood, and the letters charmingly arranged in ranks like ſoldiers on the parade; whereas in ſome other books which I have ſeen, they are mingled together in a confuſed manner like a

mob, ſo that it is no pleaſure to look at them, and very difficult to know what they mean. But I am no longer ſurpriſed, added ſhe, at the ſatisfaction your royal Highneſs takes in ſtudy.

The ruling Paſſion of the late King of Pruſſia.

IN the bed-chamber where the late King of Pruſſia died, at the lower part of the window four panes of glaſs have been removed, and a piece of glaſs equal in ſize to the four put together, ſupplies the place. His late Majeſty's ſupreme delight through life had been to ſee his troops exerciſe, and he retained this paſſion to his lateſt breath. When he was confined to his room by his laſt illneſs, he uſed to ſit and view them through the window which had been framed in this manner, that he might enjoy theſe dying contemplations with greater conveniency. Becoming gradually weaker by the increaſe of the diſtemper, he could not ſit, but was obliged to lie on the couch through the day. When at any time he was uncommonly languid, they raiſed his head to the window, and a ſight of the men under arms was perceived to operate like a cordial to his fainting ſpirits. By frequent repetition, however, even this cordial loſt its effect. His eyes became dim, when his head was raiſed, he could no longer perceive his ſoldiers, and he expired.

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The original of the letter (from which the following is an extract) was written to a citizen of London, under a violent fit of the gout, and was firſt publiſhed in the reign of king William the Third. As it abounds with genuine humour, we ſubmit its peruſal to our Readers.

The Honours of the Gout.

SIR,

I OWE you a great many obligations; but I hear you are going to rid me of them all, by doing me a great piece of diſſervice. Why, Sir, I am informed, that your worſhip, not having a right ſenſe of things, nor the fear of God before your eyes, ſhould (to the diſgrace of your own virtue) give your tongue liberty in an open coffee-houſe to ſpeak ill of the gout. The gout was ſent in mercy down from heaven to lengthen waſteing life; the ſeat of this friendly dæmon, by whom every afflicted man receives a thouſand more bleſſings than Socrates ever did by his; the ſeat I ſay is in the nervous parts, he commonly viſits the *internodia* of the bones of the feet; ſometimes the hip, the knee, the elbow, ſhoulder, wriſt, and ancle. But to prove its divine original, I will proceed more methodically, and from his loweſt commendations aſcend to his higheſt by ſix degrees, till I have raiſed him above the ſtars, and entered him among the celeſtial ſpirits, to whom, Sir, you will then be tempted to offer up your oraiſons in the preſcribed form, at the end of an old manuſcript-miſſal, communicated to me by a learned antiquary. The form is this:—" Bleſſed gout,

mob, ſo that it is no pleaſure to look at them, and very difficult to know what they mean. But I am no longer ſurpriſed, added ſhe, at the ſatiſfaction your royal Highneſs takes in ſtudy.

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The Honours of the Gout.

SIR,

I OWE you a great many obligations; but I hear you are going to rid me of them all, by doing me a great piece of disservice. Why, Sir, I am informed, that your worship, not having a right sense of things, nor the fear of God before your eyes, should (to the disgrace of your own virtue) give your tongue liberty in an open coffee-house to speak ill of the gout. The gout was sent in mercy down from heaven to lengthen wasteing life; the seat of this friendly dæmon, by whom every afflicted man receives a thousand more blessings than Socrates ever did by his; the seat I say is in the nervous parts, he commonly visits the *internodia* of the bones of the feet; sometimes the hip, the knee, the elbow, shoulder, wrist, and ancle. But to prove its divine original, I will proceed more methodically, and from his lowest commendations ascend to his highest by six degrees, till I have raised him above the stars, and entered him among the celestial spirits, to whom, Sir, you will then be tempted to offer up your oraisons in the prescribed form, at the end of an old manuscript-missal, communicated to me by a learned antiquary. The form is this:—" Blessed gout,

" moſt deſirable gout, ſovereign antidote of mur-
" dering maladies, powerful corrector of intem-
" perance, deign to viſit me with thy purging
" fires, and throw off the tophous injury which
" I may have received by wine and wit, too hard
" for the virtue of a devotee upon a holy feſtival;
" but fail not thy humble ſupplicant, who needs
" thy friendly help to keep his tottering tenement
" in order; fail him not every vernal and au-
" tumnal equinox."

I know ſome preciſe doctors are againſt all invocation of ſaints; at preſent I ſhall not diſpute with them; but they muſt grant me, that there is much more to be ſaid in juſtification of ſuch a prayer to the gout, than can be ſaid for the offices directed to any other ſaints, not excepting the virgin. I defy their worſhippers to prove, that there has been the tithe of ſo much good done by them all; as I ſhall prove has been done by the beneficial gout.

Firſt, The gout gives a man pain without danger. Pain without danger is a bleſſed thing. For inſtance, ſuffering under a painful threatning diſtemper. What is the firſt queſtion, (doctor pray be plain with me, and let me truly know what I am to expect, don't flatter a ſick man, but tell me) Am I likely to recover or no? The pain he ſuffers you ſee does not at all trouble him, he is only afraid he ſhall die, ſecure him from that danger, and all is well with him.

When the doctor comes (the phyſician of the ſoul I mean, whoſe coming bodes no good to the body) he tells the patient, a long ſtory of the pains and miſeries of life, in order to make his *nunc dimittis* go down the eaſier; but that method ſeldom is attended with ſucceſs, for he is contented to live, and will take his chance for the reſt.

It

It may be ſaid, that gouty perſons eſcape death no more than any other men, which is very true, but that is becauſe men are fools, and do not know when they are ſafe; they muſt be curing the gout forſooth, and on this account deal with the doctor, who is the purveyor of the grave, and good at calcining nothing but living bodies into duſt and aſhes. Let every one bear his own burden, the gout has nothing to do with the carnage of a doctor; and now, Sir, let me tell you a ſtory, the famous Willis ſhall be my voucher, who diſſected the body of the learned, reverend, and pious Dr. Hammond, killed purely by his friend, who unhappily taught him a medicine to cure the gout; upon the ſucceſs of that medicine, the doctor's old *nephritic* pains returned, and in a fortnight diſpatched him.

Therefore, Sir, for your own ſake, for your ladies ſake, and for your children's ſake, welcome the gout to your houſe, and if you ſhut all the doors againſt the phyſician, I will warrant you for upwards of a hundred. How glad ſhall I be to ſee them pull chalk-ſtones out of your worſhip's feet, ſome forty or fifty years hence; by that time you will have learned ſo much patience as never to roar for the matter. But if you do roar, they who look on, if they love life, will envy, not pity you. Indeed you are already a fit object for the envy of thinking men, for I have heard you confeſs, that your's is an hereditary gout, and that is for the better; an hereditary gout is a far greater happineſs than an acquired one; what a deal of intemperance, and amorous exceſſes might it have coſt your worſhip to have got the gout before forty? whereas now you have got the mighty bleſſing for nothing; it is your birth-right, Sir, never think of parting with it.

Second,

Second, The gout is no conſtant companion, but allows his patients lucid joyous intervals.

Human nature is ſo framed, that no one thing is agreeable to it always, therefore it is well for us that the world is ſo full of changes; the earth we tread on, the ſeas we ſail on, the air we breathe in, the ſtarry firmament expanded round us, have their continual viciſſitudes which all make for our advantage and delight. How welcome is a gueſt that knows when to be gone?—but, if his ſtay be longer than ordinary, we are ready to thruſt him out of doors. Whatever ſome impatient weak minds may think, it is manifeſt, that the gout, by his coming and going, takes the right courſe to be very agreeable and obliging. Weak people may curſe the gout, and wiſh to be wholly excuſed from his intermitting viſits; but I look upon ſuch people, as men who are weary of the world, and being willing to leave it, I grant they have reaſon to be angry with the gout, that folds their mortality ſo faſt about them.

Courage, Sir, and be adviſed by me, it is good advice I am giving, and you ſhall have it gratis. When your foot ſwells, and burns, and throbs, baniſh all fooliſh ſorrow and repining; inſtead whereof, let ſwelling joys dilate your generous breaſt; when ſharp, fermenting juices ſhall meet, and by their furious conteſt cauſe cruel twitchings of your nervous fibres, comfort your heart and be extremely pleaſed; but touch not, taſte not the doctor's emulſions, julips, &c. &c. ſo let your friend, the gout, take his courſe and maul you ſoundly. O! ſo eaſy, ſo pleaſed, ſo joyous, ſo happy, ſo bleſſed will you be, when the turn of health ſhall come; why, Sir, you will be in heaven, while you are on earth; you will be entirely beatified on this ſide the grave. I am of opinion, Sir, that you are nearly converted to my ſen-

timents already, but for fear that you are not a complete proſelyte, I will proceed to the third head; I have no doubt, before I have done with you, to make you rather part with your eyes than your true friend.

Third, The gout preſents you with a perpetual almanack; and that it never may be out of the way, but ready always for your worſhip's uſe, ſafely depoſits it in the *internodia* of your bones. Barometers, thermometers, and others the inventions of men, not yet perfect maſters of their arts, ſerve more for the delight, than the uſe of the curious; but the uſeful pains of the gout, give your honour truſty prognoſtics of the ſeaſon. As often as a moiſt conſtitution of the year, ſouth or north winds, or ſnow are at hand, you predict thoſe things from the exceſſes of your pains; and by the abſence of your pains, you forbode the contrary, ſo one way or other your *bone almanack* ſerves for all changes.

Fourth, Gouty perſons are moſt free from the head-ach.

The heavy recrement of the blood and nervous juice, always fall downwards to the gouty joints. Perſons much favoured by the gout, upon every long abſence of that beſt friend, (whether occaſioned by unknown accidents, or unwiſe recourſes to the doctor) exchange their freedom from the gout, for pain more intenſe and dangerous; but of all other pains, they are extremely ſubject to the head-ach; but as ſoon as ever the gout pleaſes to reviſit them, (forgiving their ingratitude) preſently the weather breaks up, the nerves are relaxed, the fibres unmoleſted, the membranes and muſcles recover their right tone, while the inimicous conteſting particles are thrown down to the remote parts of the body.

Fifth,

Fifth, The gout preſerves its patients from the great danger of fevers.

Gouty perſons, as they live free from the dreadful pains of the head-ach, ſo likewiſe from the ſcorching heat of fevers. There is not certainly a ſeverer torment than a burning fever, nor a more ſovereign antidote than the medicinal gout; ſo that it is a truth clear as the ſun, if more people had the gout, fewer would die of a fever. Having placed theſe things in ſo forcible a light, I am ſtrongly perſuaded that not your worſhip only, but the generality of the age will put their prejudice aſide, and yield to the truth here aſcertained; and inſtead of the old parting compliments:—"*Save you, Sir; God keep you in good* "*health.*"—I queſtion not but we ſhall ſay, "*The* "*gout defend you, Sir; God give you the gout,*"—for we ought not to hope for a bleſſing without the means. To wiſh a man the gout, is to wiſh him that, which withdraws fuel from diſeaſes, and preſerves life at ſo cheap a rate, it coſts a man nothing but patience.

It has been the opinion of ſome writers, that none can be ſaved who die of the plague; but in judging of the future ſtate of others, I think it beſt to venture being miſtaken on the charitable ſide; and therefore I would ſooner believe, that none can be damned who have the gout; and I muſt tell your worſhip, that I have known a leſs probable ſign of ſalvation given by a clergyman to his hearers.

Sixth, To crown the honour of the gout, it is not to be cured.

The gout defies all your groſs galenical methods, and all your exalted chymical preparations; for the conjunct cauſes thereof lie in parts ſo very remote, that the virtues of no medicines can reach them, and heaven be praiſed for it; for why, Sir, would

would you cure (as you call it) the gout, which gives you pain without danger, a better taſte of health by an acquaintance with pain, a knowledge of future things, freedom from the head-ach, and from fevers?—I hope, my dear friend, you and I ſhall be better adviſed than to tamper with the gout, which really is not to be cured. The fear of loſing a bleſſing, takes off from the pleaſure of enjoying it. Thieves may plunder your houſe, age will ruin your beauty, envy may hurt your reputation, bribes corrupt your faith; but the gout is a ſure inheritance, neither thieves nor knaves, neither time nor envy, nor any thing elſe can deprive you of it. They ſay there is more care and trouble in keeping an eſtate than getting it, as for the gout, there may be ſome trouble in getting it, though that is mixed with pleaſure too; but no man is put to the leaſt care or trouble for the ſafe keeping of the gout, he may endure miſery enough indeed if he went to the phyſician for the cure of it. You cannot be always young and handſome, but gouty once, and gouty always, thence came the proverb, "*Drink claret* "*and have the gout, and drink no claret and ſtill* "*have it.*" The gout, it is true, is the reward of ſome works, but there is no forfeiting it; and therefore it is preferable to an imperial crown.

Sir, I thought to have taken a larger view of the excellency of the gout, but alas! the violent fit I have laboured under for theſe three ſhort nights and days abates, the intenſeneſs of my pains conſiderably remits, and therefore I am forced to break off abruptly; for I am ſenſible that no man can do honour to the gout by a juſt and adequate panegyric, but he who at the time of writing feels it in extremity.

Striking

Striking Example of Generoſity, exemplified in the Conduct of the Chevalier Bayard.

IN the war carried on by Lewis XIIth of France againſt the Venetians, the town of Breſcia being taken by ſtorm, and abandoned to the ſoldiers, ſuffered for ſeven days all the diſtreſſes of cruelty and avarice. No houſe eſcaped but that where Chevalier Bayard lodged. At his entrance, the miſtreſs, a woman of figure, fell at his feet, and deeply ſobbing, "Oh! my lord, "ſave my life, ſave the honour of my daugh-"ters."—"Take courage, madam, (ſaid the Che-"valier) your life and their honour ſhall be ſe-"cure while I have life." The two young ladies, brought from their hiding place, were preſented to him; and the family, thus re-united, beſtowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them an opportunity to expreſs their zeal: they employed a notable ſurgeon, they attended him by turn day and night; and when he could bear to be amuſed, they entertained him with concerts of muſic. Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother ſaid to him, "To your goodneſs, my "lord, we owe our life, and to you all that we "have belongs by right of war; but we hope, "from your ſignal benevolence, that this ſlight "tribute will content you."—placing upon the table an iron coffer full of money, "What is "the ſum?" ſaid the Chevalier, "My lord, (an-"ſwered ſhe trembling) no more than 2500 "ducats, all that we have; but if more be ne-"ceſſary, we will try our friends."—"Madam, "(ſaid he) I never ſhall forget your kindneſs, "more precious in my eyes than a hundred "thouſand

" thouſand ducats. Take back your money, and " depend always on me."—" My good lord, you " kill me to refuſe this ſmall ſum: take it only " as a mark of your friendſhip to my family."— " Well, (ſaid he) ſince it will oblige you, I take " the money; but give me the ſatisfaction of " bidding adieu to your amiable daughters." They came to him with looks of regard and affection, " Ladies, (ſaid he) the impreſſion you " have made on my heart, will never wear out. " What return to make, I know not, for men of " my profeſſion are ſeldom opulent: but here are " 2500 ducats, of which the generoſity of your " mother has given me the diſpoſal, accept them " as a marriage preſent; and may your happineſs " in marriage be equal to your merit."—" Flower " of chivalry, (ſaid the mother) may the God " who ſuffered death for us, reward you here, " and hereafter."

Aſtoniſhing Proof of parental and filial Affection, heightened by the moſt unbounded Magnanimity.

IN admiral Watſon's ſhip, at the ſiege of Chandernagore, captain Speke and his ſon, a youth of ſixteen, were both of them wounded by the ſame ſhot. The captain, whoſe leg was hanging by the ſkin, ſaid to the admiral, " Indeed, Sir, " this was a cruel ſhot, to knock down both " father and ſon." Mr. Watſon's heart was too full for a reply; he only ordered both to be carried down to the ſurgeon. The captain, who was firſt brought down, told Mr. Ives the ſurgeon, how dangerouſly his Billy had been wounded.

Preſently after the brave youth himſelf appeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears, not for himſelf, but for his father. Upon Mr. Ives aſſuring him that his father's wound was not dangerous, he became calm, but refuſed to be touched, 'till his father's wound ſhould be firſt dreſſed. Then pointing to a fellow ſufferer, "Pray, Sir, dreſs "alſo that poor man who is groaning ſo ſadly "beſide me." Mr. Ives told him that the man had been already taken care of, and begged that he now might have the liberty to examine his wound. He ſubmitted, and calmly ſaid, "Sir, I fear you "muſt amputate above the joint." The ſurgeon replied, "My dear, I muſt." He claſped his hands together, and lifting up his eyes towards heaven, he offered up the following ſhort, but earneſt petition: "Good God! do thou enable "me to behave in my preſent circumſtances, "worthy of my father." He then ſaid he was all ſubmiſſion. The operation was performed above the joint of the knee; and during the whole time, the intrepid youth never ſpoke a word, nor uttered a groan that could be heard at the diſtance of a yard. It is eaſier to imagine, than to expreſs the feelings of the father at this time: but whatever he felt, tears were the only expreſſion. Both of them were carried to Calcutta: the father was lodged in the houſe of his brother-in-law; and the ſon was placed with the ſurgeon in the hoſpital. For the firſt week, comfort was given to them both, by carrying good tidings of one another. But, alas! all the good ſymptoms that had attended the young man, began to diſappear. The captain perceived all in the ſurgeon's countenance; and ſo very unwilling was he to add to the diſtreſs of the latter, as ſeldom to ſpeak about his ſon. One time he ſaid

" How long, my friend, do you think my Billy " may remain in a ſtate of uncertainty?"—Mr. Ives replied, that, " If he ſurvived the fifteenth " day after the operation, there would be ſtrong " hopes of his recovery." On the thirteenth he died; and on the ſixteenth the captain ſaid, with great energy, " Well, Ives, how fares it with " my boy?" Diſcovering the truth from Mr. Ives's ſilence, he cried bitterly, and begged to be left alone for half an hour. When Mr. Ives returned, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and ſerene. The excellent youth had been delirious the evening before his death; and at two o'clock in the morning, he ſent the ſurgeon a note written with a pencil, of which the following is a copy: " Mr. Ives will conſider the diſorder a " ſon muſt be in when he is dying, and is yet in " doubt about his father. If Mr. Ives is not " too buſy to honour this note, which nothing " but the greateſt uneaſineſs could draw from " me. The boy waits an anſwer." Mr. Ives immediately repaired to him; and he had ſtill ſenſe enough to know him. He then ſaid, " And is " he dead?"—" Who, my dear?"—" My father, " Sir," " No, my love; nor is he in any dan- " ger, he is almoſt well." " I thank God: I " am now ſatisfied, and am ready to die." He had a locked jaw, and was in great pain, but Mr. Ives underſtood every word he uttered. He begged his pardon for having diſturbed him at ſo early an hour; and before the day was ended, he ſurrendered a life that deſerved to be immortal.

A guilty Conſcience its own Puniſhment. With ſingular Motives for a Murder.

JOHN duke of Britanny, commonly termed *the good duke*, illuſtrious for generoſity, clemency and piety, reigned forty-three years, wholly employed about the good of his ſubjects. He was ſucceeded by his eldeſt ſon, Francis, a prince weak and ſuſpicious, and conſequently fit to be governed. Arthur of Montauban, in love with the wife of Gilles, brother to the duke, perſuaded the duke that his brother was laying plots to dethrone him. Gilles being impriſoned, the duke's beſt friends conjured him to pity his unhappy brother, who might be imprudent, but aſſuredly was innocent, but in vain. Gilles being proſecuted before the three eſtates of the province for high treaſon, was unanimouſly abſolved, which irritated the duke more and more. Arthur of Montauban artfully ſuggeſted to his maſter to try poiſon; which having miſcarried, they next reſolved to ſtarve the priſoner to death. The unfortunate prince, through the bars of a window, cried aloud for bread; but the paſſengers durſt not ſupply him. One poor woman only had courage more than once, to ſlip ſome bread within the window. He charged a prieſt, who had received his confeſſion, to declare to the duke, "That ſeeing "juſtice was refuſed him in this world, he ap- "pealed to heaven, and called upon the duke "to appear before the judgment ſeat of God in "forty days. The duke and his favourite, amazed that the prince lived ſo long without nouriſhment

riſhment, employed aſſaſſins to ſmother him in his bed-cloaths. The prieſt, in obedience to the orders he had received, preſented himſelf before the duke, and with a loud voice, cited him in the name of the deceaſed lord Gilles, to appear before God in forty days. Shame and remorſe verified the prediction. The duke was ſeized with a ſudden terror; and the image of his brother, expiring by his orders, haunted him day and night. He decayed daily, without any marks of a regular diſeaſe, and died within the forty days, in frightful agony.

A Pruſſian peaſant accompanied ſome of his companions, to the houſe of a fellow who aſſumed the character of a fortune-teller; and having diſobliged him, by expreſſing a contempt of his art, the fellow out of revenge propheſied, that this man ſhould die on a ſcaffold. This ſeemed to make little impreſſion at the time, but afterwards recurred often to this unhappy creatures memory, and became every day more troubleſome to his imagination. At length the idea haunted his mind ſo inceſſantly that he was rendered perfectly miſerable, and could no longer endure life.

He would have put himſelf to death with his own hands, had he not been deterred by the opinion, that God Almighty never forgives ſuicide; though upon repentance he is very ready to pardon every other crime. He reſolved, therefore, to commit murder, that he might be deprived of life by the hand of juſtice; and mingling a ſentiment of benevolence with the cruelty of his intention, he reflected, that if he murdered a grown perſon, he might poſſibly ſend a ſoul to hell. To avoid this, he determined to murder a child, who could

not have committed any ſin which deſerved damnation, but dying in innocence, would go immediately to heaven. In conſequence of theſe ideas, he actually murdered an infant of his maſter's, for whom he had always ſhewn an uncommon degree of fondneſs. Such was the ſtrange account that this infatuated creature gave on his trial; and thus the random prophecy proved, as in many other caſes, the cauſe of its own completion.

He was executed about two miles from Berlin. As ſoon as he aſcended the ſcaffold, he took off his coat and waiſtcoat; his ſhirt was rolled down below his ſhoulders; his night-cap was pulled over his eyes; he was placed on his knees, and the executioner with a ſingle ſtroke of a broad ſword, ſevered his head from his body. It was the firſt time this executioner had performed: there were two others of the ſame trade on the ſcaffold, who exhibited an inſtance of inſenſibility more ſhocking than the execution. While the man's head rolled on the ſcaffold, and the arteries of the trunk poured out their blood, thoſe men with the gayeſt air imaginable, ſhook their brother by the hand, wiſhed him joy, and clapped him on the back, congratulating him on the dextrous and effectual manner in which he had performed his office.

The following Advertiſement appeared in the Dublin Univerſal Advertiſer, about twelve Months ago. As they exhibit the Rivalſhip of two Frizures eminent in their Profeſſion, it cannot be unentertaining to our Readers.

Advertisement I.

SIGNOR Florentini, having taken into conſideration the many inconveniences which attend the method of hair-dreſſing, formerly uſed by himſelf, and ſtill practiſed by M. St. Laurent, humbly propoſes to the ladies of quality in this metropolis, his new method of ſtuccowing the head in the moſt faſhionable taſte, to laſt with very little repair during the whole ſeſſion of Parliament. Price only five guineas.

Florentini.

N. B. He takes but one hour to build up the head, and two for baking it.

Anſwer by St. Laurent.

WHEREAS dere have appear vone ſcandalous avertiſment of Signor Florentini, moch reflection on Mr. St. Laurent's capacite for hair-dreſſing; he defy ſaid Signor Florentini to tell any inconvenience dat do attend his methode, odewiſe he ſhall conſider ſaid Florentini as bouteſeu and calumniateur.

St. Laurent.

Adver-

Advertisement II.

Florentini, who was not ſo good at Engliſh as the other, replies by his Interpreter.

WHEREAS Mr. St. Laurent has challenged Signor Florentini to produce an inſtance where his (St. Laurent's) method of hair dreſſing is inconvenient to the ladies; he begs to obſerve, that three rows of iron pins thruſt into the ſkull, will not fail to cauſe a conſtant itching, a ſenſation that muſt diſtort the features of the face, and diſable it ſo that a lady by degrees may loſe the uſe of her face; beſides the immenſe quantity of pomatum and powder, laid on for a genteel dreſſing, will after a week or two breed mites, a circumſtance very diſagreeable to gentlemen who do not love cheeſe; and alſo affords a foetid ſmell not to be endured. From which, and other objections too tedious to mention, Signor Florentini apprehends his new method is entirely free, and will admit of no reaſonable exception whatever.

Florentini.

St. Laurent *replies*

HAH! hah! hah! dere is no objekſhion den to Signor Florentini's way of frizing de hare of fine ladie? I ſhall tell him von, two, three, In de fourſt place, he no conſider, dat his ſtuccow will be crack, and be break by de frequent jolts to vich all ladies are ſo ſobject, and dat two hour baking vill ſpoil de complekſhon, and hort de eyes. And as to his ſcandaleuſe aſperſhon dat my method breed a de mite, ſo odious to gentlemen who do not love de cheeſe, I ſay 'tis falſe

falſe and malitiouſe; and to make good vat I do ſay, I do invite all gentlemen of qualitie to examine de head of de Counteſſe of —— (vat I had de honor to dreſs four week ago,) next Monday at twelve o'clock, thro' Monſieur Cloſent's great microſcope, and ſee if dere be any mite dere, or oder thing like de mite vateer.

N. B. Any gentleman may ſmell her ladyſhip's head ven he pleaſe.

The controverſy ended in a duel, but no hurt, as the combatants behaved like Flaſh and Fribble; but whatever was the cauſe, it is certain the monſtrous faſhion ſoon ceaſed; and in a few months the ladies recovered their natural proportion, and became a piece of themſelves.

An odd way of bargaining for a Wife.

MERCATOR, who went originally from London, acquired a fortune in the iſland of Jamaica; he concluded with himſelf he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unleſs he ſhared it with a woman of merit; none of his acquaintance in the female line ſuited his inclination, he therefore determined to write for one to his correſpondent in London, through whoſe means he had obtained his fortune and conſequence. As he had been ſo much verſed in mercantile matters, the ſtile of writing uſual in that way of buſineſs ſtill adhered to him, therefore treating of love as he did of buſineſs, after giving his correſpondent many commiſſions, he reſerved the following for the laſt, viz.

" Seeing that I have taken a reſolution to " marry, and that I do not find a ſuitable match for

" for me here, do not fail to ſend me by next " ſhip bound hither, a young woman of the qua- " lification and form following: as for a portion, " I demand none; let her be of an honeſt fa- " mily, between 20 and 25 years of age, of a " middle ſtature, and well proportioned; her " face agreeable, her temper mild, her character " blameleſs, her health good, and her conſtitu- " tion ſtrong enough to bear the change of the " climate, that there may be no occaſion to look " out for a ſecond through lack of the firſt, ſoon " after ſhe comes to hand; which muſt be pro- " vided againſt as much as poſſible, conſidering " the great diſtance and the dangers of the ſea. " If ſhe arrives, and conditioned as aboveſaid, " with the letter indorſed by you, or at leaſt an " atteſted copy thereof, that there may be no " miſtake or impoſition, I hereby oblige and en- " gage myſelf to ſatisfy the ſaid letter, by mar- " rying the bearer at 15 days ſight. In witneſs " whereof I ſubſcribe this, &c."

The London correſpondent read over and over this odd commiſſion, which put the future ſpouſe on the ſame footing with the bales of goods he was to ſend his friend. He nevertheleſs complied with this extraordinary demand, and fixed his eyes upon a young perſon of a reputable family, but no fortune, of good humour, who had received a polite education, very well made, and more than tolerably handſome. The young lady received the propoſal, as ſhe had no ſubſiſtence but from a pettiſh old aunt. Equipped with neceſſaries for the voyage, an extract of the pariſh regiſter, a certificate of her character ſigned by the curate, a corroberating atteſtation of her neighbours, and the following article in the invoice, ſhe ſet ſail in the ſame ſhip with the other commiſſioned

miſſioned goods:—"Item, a maid of 21 years of "age, of the quality, ſhape, and condition as per "order; as appears by the affidavits and certifi- "cates ſhe has to produce."

The goodneſs of her conſtitution was likewiſe certified by four eminent phyſicians. Letters of advice were ſent previous to her departure, ſo that Mercator was in full expectation of her arrival. He was on the look out when the ſhip arrived, was charmed with her diſtinguiſhed beauty, and enquired if ſhe was the lady recommended by his friend. She produced his own letter, with this indorſement, "The bearer of this is the perſon "you ordered me to ſend you."—"Is it ſo, "Madam," ſaid Mercator, "I never yet ſuffered "my bills to be proteſted, and I ſwear this ſhall not "be the firſt; I ſhall reckon myſelf the happieſt "of all men, if you will allow me to diſcharge "it." She replied, "Sir, I am the more willing "to do this, as I was apprized of your character "before I ſailed, which has been confirmed by "ſeveral perſons of credit on board, who know "you very well." This interview was followed with an almoſt immediate celebration of the nuptials, and they are this day the happieſt couple in the whole iſland.

Anecdote of the late Duke of Montagu.

THE late duke of Montagu who reſided in St. James's Park, frequently obſerved a middle aged man in ſomething like a military dreſs, of which the lace was much tarniſhed, and the cloth worn thread-bare; who always appeared at a certain hour in the mall. His countenance was grave

grave and ſolemn, and he took no notice of the gay croud that was paſſing by him.

The duke ſingled him out as a fit object for a frolic. He began to exerciſe his mirth by enquiring into his hiſtory; he ſoon learnt that he was a reduced officer upon half pay; that he had behaved with great bravery in the late war; that he had a wife and ſeveral children, whom he was obliged to ſend into Yorkſhire where they could live cheap; and that he had received a ſmall pittance of his income to keep himſelf near the metropolis, where alone he could hope to obtain a more advantageous ſituation.

The duke took an opportunity when the captain was ſitting alone upon one of the benches, buried in ſpeculation, to ſend his gentleman to him with compliments and an invitation to dinner the next day. The duke placed himſelf at a convenient diſtance, ſaw his meſſenger approach without being perceived, and begin to ſpeak without being heard; he ſaw his intended gueſt ſtart at the meſſage, and queſtion its authenticity. The captain was at length perſuaded of its reality, though very much ſurprized at its ſingularity. He returned thanks for the honour intended him, and ſaid he would wait upon his grace at the time appointed.

He came, the duke received him with great civility, took him aſide, and with an air of ſecrecy informed him, that he was induced to give him this invitation at the particular requeſt of a lady who had a moſt tender regard for him. The captain was confounded, and ſeemed as if he did not know whether to receive it as an affront or a compliment. The duke aſſured him upon his honour, that he had told him nothing but the ſtricteſt truth.

Dinner

Dinner was announced. The captain entered the room with great curioſity and wonder, which was not diminiſhed, when he ſaw at the table his own wife and children. The duke began his frolic by ſending for them out of Yorkſhire; had as much aſtoniſhed the wife as the huſband; and taken care ſhe ſhould have no opportunity of ſending him a letter. This ſudden unexpected meeting, produced very pleaſing effects: it afforded the duke much ſatisfaction; but it was with difficulty he got his gueſts quietly ſeated at table. Soon after dinner, word was brought that the duke's ſolicitor attended. He was introduced, and pulled out a deed for the duke to ſign. He was deſired to read it, and apologized to the company for the interruption. The captain and his wife were ſtill more aſtoniſhed if poſſible, when they found the writings contained a ſettlement of 200 l. per annum upon them and their family. The inſtrument was executed, and the duke preſented it the captain, ſaying, "Sir, I beg your acceptance of "this. I aſſure you it is the laſt thing I would "have done, could I have laid out my money "more to my ſatisfaction."

The GHOST.

A London gentleman went to ſee his relations in the country. The houſe was full, a wedding being celebrated there. Only one room was vacant. There no one choſe to ſleep, as it was ſuppoſed to be haunted. The London ſpark had no fear about him, and ſaid he would ſleep there. He fell aſleep. About three in the morning he was wakened by the opening of the door, and the

entrance of a young woman in appearance, with only a night dreſs on her head, and her ſhift on. This lovely appearance walked two or three times about the room, and at length laid itſelf down on the bed. The young gentleman did not much like his unknown bedfellow. He lay as far as he could on the other ſide. After ſome time he perceived his bedfellow breathe, and ſuppoſing her to be true fleſh and blood, and no phantom, he ventured to touch her. He was confirmed in his opinion, and finding a ring on her finger, he gently took it off. She lay ſome time, and he did not diſturb her. She then got up, and went out of the room as ſhe came in. The young gentleman perceived how the room was haunted, by a female walking in her ſleep. The morning came. The family were inquiſitive about him. He deſired all the family might be ſummoned, when, lo! the ring fitted the eldeſt daughter's finger, who had been in great tribulation about the loſs. "This, Sir," ſaid he to the father "is "the lovely ſpirit which haunts the room." She declared herſelf perfectly ignorant; but was convinced of its truth becauſe of the ring. "Well, "Sir," ſaid the father, "if you have no ob- "jection, ſince my daughter has been to bed to "you, you ſhall go to bed to my daughter; and "there is 5000l. for her portion." The match was that day conſummated.

A Character.

VOLATILIS called at Serenus's lodging a few ſummers ago. Serenus had remained in town merely becauſe he had no particular bu-

ſineſs elſewhere; but Volatilis aſſured him, that the town was a deſart; that it was ſhameful to be ſeen in the ſtreets; that all the world were at Brighthelmſtone. Serenus allowed Volatilis to conduct him to that place, where they had remained only a few days, when the latter told the former, that none of the people he cared for were there; and as Serenus had nothing particular to detain him, Volatilis begged as a favour he would accompany him to Tunbridge. They went accordingly. Volatilis remained pretty quiet for four days, he yawned a good deal on the fifth, and the ſixth his jaws were nearly diſlocated. As he perceived Serenus was pleaſed with the place, and would take none of his hints about leaving it, he at laſt pretended that he had received a letter, which made it abſolutely neceſſary for him to ſet out for London, and away he went.

Serenus ſtayed three weeks at Tunbridge. On his return to town, he underſtood that Volatilis had taken a genteel furniſhed houſe for the remainder of the ſummer in Yorkſhire, where he had already paſſed a week, having engaged a female friend to go along with him. He left word in town that he was not to be expected till the meeting of parliament. Though Serenus never imagined that he would remain quite ſo long, yet he was a little ſurprized to ſee him enter his room a few days after he had received this information. He told Serenus he was quite diſguſted with his houſe, and ſtill more ſo with his companion; and beſides, he had taken a violent fancy to go to Paris, which, ſaid he, is the moſt delightful place in the world, eſpecially in ſummer; for the company never think of rambling about the country like our giddy fools in England, but remain together in the capital, as ſenſible people ought to do.

He then propoſed that Serenus and himſelf ſhould pack up a few things, take poſt, paſs over and ſpend a couple of months at Paris. Finding Sereneus did not reliſh the propoſal, he wrote an apology to the lady in Yorkſhire, with an incloſed bank bill, and ſet out next day by himſelf.

Serenus heard no more of him for ſix weeks, but at the end of that time, happening to be at Bath, ſaw his friend Volatilis enter the pump room. Egad! ſaid he, Serenus, you were wiſe to ſtay at home; Paris is become the moſt inſipid place on earth, I could not ſupport it above ten days. But having heard a good deal of Holland, I took a journey to Amſterdam, which between friends I found very little more amuſing than Paris; two days after my arrival, finding an Engliſh ſhip ready to ſail, I thought it would be a pity to let the opportunity ſlip. So I ordered my trunk aboard. We had a diſagreeable paſſage: however, I arrived ſafe a few days ago at Harwich.

FRA. PASQUAL.

IN a convent at Bologna, near Palermo, was formerly a capuchin, known by the name of Fra. Paſqual, who had paſſed through many ſingular ſcenes of life, which it would be too long to recount. His laſt migration, or rather tranſmigration, was from one of the banditti in this kingdom, in which capacity, he had been enrolled for ſome time; but tired of the danger and fatigue, to which he was perpetually expoſed, he at laſt determined to exchange the character of the hero, for that of the ſaint, and try if it was not both

ſafer

ſafer and ſurer to rely on the weakneſs of others, than on our own ſtrength.

Fra. Paſqual pretended a ſtrong compunction for the tranſgreſſions of his paſt life, and made a promiſe to the virgin, that the remainder of it ſhould be ſpent in mortification and penance, to atone for them. To this end, Paſqual took the vows of poverty and chaſtity, and entered into all the rigours of the monaſtic life.—For ſome weeks he behaved in a moſt exemplary manner; he went barefooted, wore a large roſary, and a thicker cord of diſcipline than any monk in the convent; and his whole deportment gave teſtimony of the moſt unfeigned repentance; however, the devil was ſtill at work in the heart of Fra. Paſqual, and all theſe external mortifications made him work the harder; in ſhort, he found it impoſſible to drive him out: Paſqual was ſenſible of this; and afraid leſt the enemy ſhould at laſt get the better of him, he thought it adviſeable to leave at Palermo the character of ſanctity he had acquired, and begin ſomewhere elſe upon a new ſcore. He embarked for Naples, where he was ſoon admitted into a capuchin convent.

As Paſqual knew from experience, that the dull uniformity of the monaſtic life required ſome little amuſements, to render it ſupportable; the firſt thing he ſet about was to find a miſtreſs. He made love to a lady of eaſy virtue, who ſoon admitted his addreſſes, but at the ſame time informed him, that he had a formidable rival, who was jealous as a tyger, and would not fail to put them both to death, ſhould he diſcover the intrigue.—This was no other than a life-guard man, a fellow of ſix feet two inches high, with a vaſt ſpada, like that of Goliah, and a monſtrous pair of curled whiſkers, that would caſt a damp upon the heart

of any one man but Fra. Paſqual; but the monaſtic life had not yet enervated him; he was accuſtomed to danger, and loved a few difficulties: however, as in his preſent character he could not be on a footing with his rival, he thought it beſt only to make uſe of prudence and ſtratagem to ſupplant him: Theſe are the eccleſiaſtical arms, and they generally have been found too hard for the military.

The lady promiſed him an interview, as ſoon as the court ſhould go to Portici, where the life-guard-man's duty obliged him to attend the King. Paſqual waited with impatience for ſome time; at laſt the wiſhed-for night arrived; the King ſet off, after the opera, with all his guards. Paſqual flew like lightning to the arms of his miſtreſs; the preliminaries were ſoon ſettled, and the happy lovers had juſt fallen aſleep, when they were ſuddenly alarmed by a rap and a well known voice at the door. The lady ſtarted up in an agony of deſpair, aſſuring Paſqual that they were both undone; that that this was her lover; and if ſome expedient was not fallen upon, in the firſt tranſports of his fury, he would certainly put them both to death. There was no time for reflection; the life guard-man demanded entrance in the moſt peremptory manner, and the lady was obliged to inſtant compliance. Paſqual had juſt time to gather his rags together, and cram himſelf in below the bed; at that inſtant the door flew open, and the giant came in rattling his arms and ſtorming at his miſtreſs, for having made him wait ſo long; however ſhe ſoon pacified him. He then ordered her to ſtrike a light, that he might ſee to undreſs: This ſtruck Paſqual to the ſoul, and he gave himſelf up for loſt; however, the lady's addreſs ſaved him, when he leaſt expected it; in bringing the tinder, ſhe

took

took care to let fall ſome water into the box; and all the beating ſhe and her lover could beat, they could not produce one ſpark. Every ſtroke of the flint ſounded in Paſqual's ears like his death knell; but when he heard the life guard-man ſwearing at the tinder for not kindling, he began to conceive ſome hopes, and bleſſed the fertile invention of woman. The lady told him he might eaſily get a light at the guard, which was at no great diſtance. Paſqual's heart leaped for joy; but when the ſoldier anſwered that he was abſent without leave, and durſt not be ſeen, it again began to flag; but on his ordering *her* to go, it died within him, and now he found himſelf in greater danger than ever. The lady herſelf was diſconcerted; but quickly recovering, ſhe told him, it would be too long before ſhe could get dreſſed; but adviſed him to go to the corner of a neighbouring ſtreet, where there was a lamp burning before the Virgin Mary, who could have no objection to his lightning a candle at it. Paſqual revived; but the ſoldier declared he was too much fatigued with his walk, and would rather undreſs in the dark; he at the ſame time began to grope for a bottle of liquor which he knew ſtood there. Paſqual ſhook like a quaker, however, ſtill he eſcaped. The lady obſerving what he was about, made a ſpring and got him the bottle, at the very inſtant he was within an inch of ſeizing Paſqual's head. The lady went to bed, and told her lover as it was a cold night, ſhe would warm his place for him. Paſqual admired her addreſs, and began to conceive ſome hopes of eſcaping.

His ſituation was the moſt irkſome in the world; the bed was ſo low, that he had not room to move; and when the great heavy life guard-man entered it, he found himſelf ſqueezed down to the ground.

ground. He lay trembling and ſtifling his breath for ſome time, but found it abſolutely impoſſible to ſupport his ſituation till morning; and indeed if it had, his cloaths being ſcattered about, muſt infallibly diſcover him: he therefore began to think of making his eſcape; but could not move without alarming his rival, who was now lying above him. At firſt he thought of ruſhing ſuddenly out, and throwing himſelf into the ſtreet; but this he diſdained, and on ſecond thoughts, determined to ſeize the life guard-man's ſword, and either put him to death, or make an honourable capitulation both for himſelf and the lady. In the midſt of theſe reflections his rival began to ſnore, and Paſqual declares that no muſic was ever ſo grateful to his ſoul. He tried to ſtir a little, and finding that it did not awake the enemy, he by degrees worked himſelf out of his priſon. He immediately laid hold of the great ſpada, when all his fears forſook him, and he felt as bold as a lion. He now relinquiſhed the daſtardly ſcheme of eſcaping, and only thought how he could beſt retaliate on his rival for all that he had made him ſuffer.

As Paſqual was ſtark naked, it was no more trouble to him to put on the ſoldiers clothes than his own; and as both his cloak and his cappouch together were not worth a ſixpence, he thought it moſt eligible to equip himſelf *a la militaire*, and to leave his ſacerdotal robes to the ſoldier. In a ſhort time he was dreſſed *cap-a-pee*. His greaſy cowl, his cloak, his ſandals, his roſary, and his rope of diſcipline, he gathered together, and placed on a chair before the bed, and girding himſelf with a great buff belt, inſtead of the cordon of St. Francis, and graſping his truſty toledo inſtead of the crucifix, he ſallied forth into the ſtreet.

ſtreet. He pondered for ſome time what ſcheme to fall upon; and at firſt thought of returning in the character of another life-guard-man, pretending to be ſent by the officer, with a guard in queſt of his companion, who not being found in his quarters, was ſuppoſed to have deſerted: and thus, after having made him pay heartily for all that he had ſuffered under the bed, to leave him to the enjoyment of his panic, and the elegant ſuit of clothes, he had provided him. However, he was not ſatisfied with this revenge, and determined on one ſtill more ſolid. He went to the guard, and told the officers that he had met a capuchin friar, with all the enſigns of his ſanctity about him, ſculking through the ſtreets in the dead of the night, when they pretend to be employed in prayer for the ſins of mankind. That prompted by curioſity to follow him, the holy friar, as he expected, went ſtreight to the houſe of a celebrated courtezan, that he ſaw him admitted, and liſtened at the window till he heard them go to bed together; that if he did not find this information to be true, he ſhould reſign himſelf his priſoner, and ſubmit to whatever puniſhment he ſhould think proper.

The officer and his guard, delighted to have ſuch hold of a capuchin (who pretend to be the very models of ſanctity, and who revile in a particular manner the licentious life of the military) turned out with the utmoſt alacrity, and under the conduct of Paſqual, ſurrounded the lady's houſe. Paſqual began thundering at the door; and demanded entrance for the officer and his guard. The unhappy ſoldier waking with the noiſe, and not doubting that it was a detachment ſent to ſeize him, gave himſelf up to deſpair, and inſtantly took ſhelter in the very place that Paſqual had

had ſo lately occupied; at the ſame time laying hold of all the things he found on the chair, never doubting that they were his own cloaths. As the lady was ſomewhat dilatory in opening the door, Paſqual pretended to put his foot to it, when up it flew, and entering with the officer and his guard, demanded the body of a capuchin friar, who they were informed lodged with her that night. The lady had heard Paſqual go out, and having no ſuſpicion that he would inform againſt himſelf, ſhe proteſted her innocence in the moſt ſolemn manner, taking all the ſaints to witneſs that ſhe knew no ſuch perſon: But Paſqual ſuſpecting the retreat of the lover, began groping below the bed, and ſoon pulled out his greaſy cowl and cloak: "Here, (ſaid he to the officer) "here are proofs enough: I'll anſwer for it Sig-"nor Padre himſelf is at no great diſtance;" and putting his noſe below the bed; "Fogh (ſaid he) "I ſmell him; he ſtinks like a fox. The ſureſt "method of finding a capuchin, is by the noſe; "you may wind him a mile off." Then lowering their lanthorn, they beheld the unfortunate lover ſqueezed in betwixt the bed and the ground, and almoſt ſtifled. "Here he is (ſaid Paſqual) "with all the enſigns of his holineſs;" and pulling them out one by one, the crucifix, the roſary, and the cord of diſcipline; "You may ſee," (ſaid he) "that the reverend father come here to do "penance;" and taking up the cord, "ſuppoſe "now we ſhould aſſiſt him in this meritorious "work. Do you hear Signor Padre. We will "ſave you the trouble of inflicting it yourſelf, and "whether you come here to ſin, or to repent, by "your own maxims, you know a little ſound "diſcipline is healthful to the ſoul." The guard were lying round the bed, in convulſions of laughter;

ter; and began breaking the moſt galling and moſt inſolent jokes upon the ſuppoſed Padre. The life guard-man thought himſelf inchanted. He at laſt ventured to ſpeak, and declared they were all in a miſtake; that he was no capuchin: upon which the laugh redoubled, and the coarſeſt jokes were repeated. The lady, in the mean time, with the beſt diſſembled marks of fear and aſtoniſhment, ran about the room, declaring that ſome ſorcerer had been at work, and his incantations had taken their full effect. Paſqual delighted to ſee that his plan had operated well, thought it now time to make his retreat, before the unfortunate lover could have an opportunity of examining his clothes, and perhaps detecting him: He therefore pretended regimental buſineſs, and regretting much that he was obliged to join his corps, took leave of the officers and his guard; at the ſame time recommending by all means, to treat the holy father, with all that reverence and reſpect, that was due to ſo ſacred a perſon.

The life guard-man, when he got out from below the bed, began to look about for his clothes; but obſerving nothing but the greaſy weeds of a capuchin friar, he was now perfectly convinced, that heaven had delivered him over, for his offences, to the power of ſome dæmon; (for of all mortals, the Neapolitan ſoldiers are the moſt ſuperſtitious) the lady, too acted her part ſo well, that he had no longer any doubt of it. "Thus "it is (ſaid he in a penitential voice) to offend "Heaven! I own my ſin: I knew it was Friday, "and yet, O fleſh! fleſh! Had it been any other "day, I ſtill ſhould have remained what I was. "O, St. Januarius; I paſſed thee too, without "paying thee due reſpect: thy all ſeeing eye has "found me out. Gentlemen, do with me what

"you

" you pleaſe; I am not what I ſeem to be."—
" No, no, (ſaid the officer) we are all ſenſible of
" that: But come, Signor Padre, on with your
" garments, and march; we have no time to
" trifle. Here corporal (giving him the cordon)
" tie his hands, and let him feel the weight of
" St. Francis. The ſaint owes him that, for
" having ſo impudently denied him for his maſter."
The poor ſoldier was perfectly paſſive; they arrayed him in the ſandals, the cowl and the cloak of Fra. Paſqual, and put the great roſary about his neck; and a moſt woeful figure he made. The officer made him look in the glaſs, to try if he could recollect himſelf, and aſked him if he was a capuchin now, or not. He was ſhocked at his own appearance; but bore every thing with meekneſs and reſignation. They then conducted him to the guard, belabouring him all the way with the cord of St. Francis, and aſking him every ſtroke, if he knew his maſter now?

In the mean time, Paſqual was ſnug in his convent, enjoying the ſweets of his adventure. He had a ſpare cloak and a cowl, and was ſoon equipped again like one of the holy fathers: he then took the clothes and accoutrements of the life-guard-man and laid them in a heap near the gate of another convent of capuchins, but at a great diſtance from his own, reſerving only to himſelf a trifle of money, which he found in the breeches pocket, juſt to indemnify him for the loſs of his cloak and his cowl; and even this, he ſays, he ſhould have held ſacred, but he knew whoever ſhould find the clothes, would make lawful prize of it.

The poor ſoldier remained next day a ſpectacle of ridicule to all the world; at laſt his companions heard of his ſtrange metamorphoſis, and came in troops

troops to ſee him: their jokes were perhaps ſtill more galling than thoſe of the guard; but as he thought himſelf under the finger of God, or at leaſt of St. Januarius, he bore all with meekneſs and patience: at laſt his clothes were found, and he was ſet at liberty; but he believes to this day, that the whole was the work of the devil, ſent to chaſtiſe him for his ſins; and has never ſince ſeen his miſtreſs on a Friday, nor paſſed the ſtatue of St. Januarius without muttering a prayer. Fra. Paſqual has told the ſtory to ſeveral of his moſt intimate acquaintance, whom he can depend on; amongſt others, is the Abbeé T———, who has often had it from his own mouth.

LE FEVER; *or, The affecting Hiſtory of an* Army Lieutenant.

IT was ſometime in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſide board—the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; it is for a poor gentleman—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing till juſt now, that he has a

fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.—*I think* ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*

——If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing, added the landlord,---I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill---I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he;—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby, and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf—and take a couple of bottles with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to half a dozen more if they will do him any good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—Trim—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt;—and of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby,—do Trim—and aſk if he knows his name. ——I have quite forgot it truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again.——Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:—He has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being

being ordered, took them away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—Stay in the room a little ſaid my uncle Toby.—Trim!—ſaid my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and ſmoaked about a dozen whiffs.——Trim came in front of his maſter and made his bow;—my uncle Toby ſmoaked on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal, ſaid my uncle Toby;——the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and beſides it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in the groin.——I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby, but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair, added my uncle Toby;—or that I had known more of it:—how ſhall we manage it? Leave it an' pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;—I will take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here is a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.——I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe, and had

it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the Tenaile, a ſtraight line, as a crooked one;—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fever and his boy, the whole time he ſmoaked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant.—— Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle Toby.—— He is, ſaid the corporal.——And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby.——I will tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forward as I learnt it.——Then Trim I will fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe Trim in the window ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. ——The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it,— "your honour is good:"—and having done that, he ſat down as he was ordered, and began the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked,——that is a right diſtinction Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby——I was anſwered an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which upon finding himſelf unable to proceed,

ceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment), he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.——If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man, we can hire horſes from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlord to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth his ſon, will certainly die with him, for he is broken hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;—but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.——Pray let me ſave you the trouble young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.——I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.——Poor youth, ſaid my uncle Toby, he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

——I never in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—what could be the matter with me an' pleaſe your honour?--Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Capt. Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour, though a ſtranger, was extremely concerned for his father; and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar,—(and thou mighteſt have added my

purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby), he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer, for his heart was full;—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;—I warrant you my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.——Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoaking a pipe at the kitchen fire,—but ſaid not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.——I thought it was wrong, added the corporal.——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.——I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed ſide; and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you ſure of it replied the curate?——A ſoldier an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of their own accord) as a parſon;—and when he is fighting for his king, and his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——It was well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.——But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water;—or engaged ſaid I for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harraſſed perhaps in his rear to day;—harraſſing others to

morrow;—

morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—reſting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;---muſt ſay his prayers *how* and *when* he can.——I believe ſaid I,—for I was a little piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon, though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy.——Thou ſhouldſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,---for God only knows who is an hypocrite, and who is not:---at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment and not till then,---it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world, and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.——I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim.——It is in the ſcripture, ſaid my uncle Toby, and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow.---In the mean time, we may depend upon it Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby,---that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,---it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.——I hope not, ſaid the corporal.——But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes;---he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it:---the youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling;---the book was laid upon the bed,---and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other

to

to take it away at the ſame time.——Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide.——If you are Capt. Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boys thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me;—if he was of Leven's, ſaid the lieutenant;——I told him your honour was,—then ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;---but it is moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him however, that the perſon his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,---ſaid he, a ſecond time muſing;--poſſibly he may my ſtory,---added he, pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſquet ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory ſaid I, an' pleaſe your honour, very well.——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,---then well may I.——In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice.——Here Billy, ſaid he;---the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand and kiſſed it too, then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.——

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh, I wiſh Trim, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned; ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?---Do Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again,

the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;---and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, I forget what, was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment; but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon.——It is finiſhed already ſaid the corporal, for I could ſtay no longer, ſo wiſhed his honour a good night:---young Le Fever roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their rout to join the regiment in Flanders.——But alas! ſaid the corporal, the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,---though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who when cooped in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not for their ſouls which way to turn themſelves——That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parrellel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner;---that nevertheleſs, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgement upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn, and except that he ordered his garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade, and left Dendermond to itſelf,---to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

——That kind being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this.——

Thou

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, ---and I will tell thee in what, Trim.——In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fever,---as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf out of his pay;---that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders.——True, quoth my uncle Toby,---thou didſt very right, as a ſoldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,--- when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe, ---thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too:— a ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,---we could tend and look to him.——Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf Trim,---and what with thy care of him, the old woman's and the boys, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.———

In a fortnight, or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,---he might march.——He will never march an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal.——He will march; ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off.——An pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march but to his grave.——He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,---he ſhall march to his regiment.——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal. ——He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby.

——He

——He will drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?---He ſhall not drop ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.——A well-a-day, do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point,---the poor ſoul will die:——He ſhall not die by G— ſaid my uncle Toby.

—The accuſing ſpirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſhed as he gave it in, ---and the recording angel as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.——

My uncle Toby went to his bureau,---put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician---he went to bed and fell aſleep.

The ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſſed heavy upon his eye-lids,---and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,---when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair, by the bed-ſide, and independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,---how he had reſted in the night,---what was his complaint, ---where was his pain,---and what he could do to help him:---and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him——

---You ſhall go home directly, Le Fever, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe,---and we will ſend for a doctor to ſee what is the matter,---and we will have

have an apothecary,---and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe, and I will be your ſervant, Le Fever.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,---not the effect of familiarity,---but the cauſe of it,---which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this there was ſomething in his looks, voice, and manner ſuperadded which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the front of his coat, and was pulling it towards him;---the blood and ſpirits of Le Fever, which were waxen cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel the heart, rallied back, the film forſook his eyes for a moment, ---he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face —then caſt a look upon his boy, and the ligament, fine as it was,---was never broken.———

Nature inſtantly ebbed again,---the film returned to its place---the pulſe fluttered—ſtopped—went on—throbbed—ſtopped again—moved—ſtopped—ſhall I go on?---No.

Remarkable Life of a Strolling Player, *written by himſelf.*

IT is neceſſary to ſay, that I am very well deſcended; my anceſtors have made ſome noiſe in the world; for my mother cried oyſters, and my father beat a drum: I am told we have even had ſome trumpeters in our family. Many a nobleman cannot ſhew ſo reſpectable a genealogy:

but that is neither here nor there. As I was their only child, my father deſigned to breed me up to his own employment, which was that of drummer to a puppet-ſhew. Thus the whole employment of my younger years was that of interpreter to punch and king Solomon in all his glory. But, though my father was very fond of inſtructing me in beating all the marches and points of war, I made no very great progreſs, becauſe I naturally had no ear for muſic; ſo, at the age of fifteen, I went and liſted for a ſoldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum, ſo I ſoon found that I diſliked carrying a muſquet alſo; neither the one trade nor the other were to my taſte, for I was by nature fond of being a gentleman; beſides, I was obliged to obey my captain; he has his will, and I have mine: now I very reaſonably concluded, that it was much more comfortable for a man to obey his own will than another's.

The ſpleen was the conſequence of leading a ſoldier's life; I aſked leave to quit the ſervice; but, as I was tall and ſtrong, my captain thanked me for my kind intention, and ſaid, becauſe he had a regard for me, we ſhould not part. I wrote to my father a very diſmal penitent letter, and deſired that he would raiſe money to pay for my diſcharge; but the good man was as fond of drinking as I was, and thoſe who are fond of drinking never pay for other people's diſcharges: in ſhort, he never anſwered my letter. What could be done? If I have not money, ſaid I to myſelf, to pay for my diſcharge, I muſt find an equivalent ſome other way; and that muſt be by running away. I deſerted, and that anſwered my purpoſe every bit as well as if I had bought my diſcharge.

As I had by this means got rid of my military occupation; I ſold my ſoldier's cloaths, bought worſe, and, in order not to be overtaken, took the moſt unfrequented roads poſſible. One evening, as I was entering a village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards found to be the curate of the pariſh, thrown from his horſe in a miry road, and almoſt ſmothered in the mud. He deſired my aſſiſtance; I gave it, and drew him out with ſome difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble, and was going off; but I followed him home, for I loved always to have a man thank me at his own door. The curate aſked an hundred queſtions; as whoſe ſon I was; from whence I came; and whether I would be faithful? I anſwered him greatly to his ſatisfaction; and gave myſelf one of the beſt characters in the world for ſobriety, diſcretion, and fidelity. To make a long ſtory ſhort, he wanted a ſervant, and hired me. With him I lived but two months; we did not much like each other; I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little to eat: I loved a pretty girl, and the old woman, my fellow-ſervant, was ill-natured and ugly. As they endeavoured to ſtarve me between them, I made a pious reſolution to prevent their committing murder: I ſtole the eggs as ſoon as they were laid; I emptied every unfiniſhed bottle that I could lay my hands on; whatever eatable came in my way was ſure to diſappear: in ſhort, they found I would not do; ſo I was diſcharged one morning, and paid three ſhillings and ſix-pence for two months wages.

I employed myſelf in making preparations for my departure, while my money was getting ready; two hens were hatching in an out-houſe, I went and took the eggs from habit, and, not to ſepa-

rate

rate the parents from the children, I lodged hens and all in my knapſack. After this piece of frugality, I returned to receive my money, and with my knapſack on my back, and a ſtaff in my hand, I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my old benefactor. I had not gone far from the houſe, when I heard behind me the cry of ſtop thief! but this only increaſed my diſpatch; it would have been fooliſh to ſtop, as I knew the voice could not be levelled at me. I think I paſſed thoſe months at the curate's without drinking; and I never ſpent two more pious, ſtupid months in all my life.

I happened to meet with a company of ſtrolling players, after travelling ſome days. The moment I ſaw them at a diſtance, my heart warmed to them; I had a ſort of natural love for every thing of the vagabond order: they were employed in ſettling their baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow way; I offered my aſſiſtance, which they accepted; and we ſoon became ſo well acquainted, that they took me as a ſervant. This was a paradiſe to me; they ſung, danced, drank, eat, and travelled, all at the ſame time. By the blood of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed at every word that was ſpoken. They liked me as much as I liked them; I was a very good figure; and, though I was poor, I was not modeſt.

Above all things in the world, I love a ſtraggling life; ſometimes good, ſometimes bad; to be warm to-day, and cold to-morrow; to eat when one can get it, and drink when it ſtands before me. We arrived that evening at Tenterden, and took a large room at the Greyhound; where we reſolved to exhibit Romeo and Julier,

with the funeral proceſſion, the grave, and the garden ſcene. Romeo was to be performed by a gentleman from the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane; Juliet by a lady who had never appeared on any ſtage before; and I to ſnuff the candles: all excellent in our way. We had figures enough, but the difficulty was to dreſs them. The ſame coat that ſerved Romeo, turned with the blue lining outwards, ſerved for his friend Mercutio; a large piece of crape ſufficed at once for Juliet's petticoat and pall: a peſtle and mortar from a neighbouring apothecary's anſwered all the purpoſes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, wrapped in white ſheets, ſerved to fill up the proceſſion. In ſhort, there were but three figures among us that might be ſaid to be dreſſed with any propriety: I mean the nurſe, the ſtarved apothecary, and myſelf. Our performance gave univerſal ſatisfaction: the whole audience were enchanted with our powers.

A ſtrolling-player may be ever ſecure of ſucceſs, if he follows one rule; that is, in our theatrical way of expreſſing it, to make a great deal of the character. To ſpeak and act as in common life, is not playing, nor is it what people come to ſee: natural ſpeaking, like ſweet wine, runs glibly over the palate, and ſcarce leaves any taſte behind it; but being high in a part reſembles vinegar, which grates upon the taſte, and one feels it while he is drinking. To pleaſe in town or country, the way is, to cry, wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphaſis, ſlap the pockets, and labour like one in the falling ſickneſs: that is the way to work for applauſe; that is the way to gain it.

Our ſkill in this firſt exhibition eſtabliſhed our reputation, and it was but natural for me to aſcribe

aſcribe part of the ſucceſs to myſelf; I ſnuffed the candles, and, let me tell you, that, without a candle-ſnuffer, the piece would loſe half its embelliſhments. In this manner we continued a fortnight, and drew tolerable houſes; but the evening before our intended departure, we gave out our very beſt piece, in which all our ſtrength was to be exerted. We had great expectations from this, and even doubled our prices, when behold one of the principal actors fell ill of a violent fever. This was a ſtroke like thunder to our little company: they were reſolved to go in a body, to ſcold the man for falling ſick at ſo inconvenient a time, and that too of a diſorder that threatened to be expenſive; I ſeized the moment, and offered to act the part myſelf in his ſtead. The caſe was deſperate; they accepted my offer; and I accordingly ſat down, with the part in my hand and a tankard before me, and ſtudied the character, which was to be rehearſed the next day, and played ſoon after.

Drinking, I found, helped my memory exceedingly. I learned my part with aſtoniſhing rapidity, and bid adieu to ſnuffing candles ever after. I found that nature had deſigned me for more noble employments, and I was reſolved to take her when in the humour. We got together in order to rehearſe, and I informed my companions, maſters now no longer, of the ſurpriſing change I felt within me. Let the ſick man, ſaid I, be under no uneaſineſs to get well again; I will fill his place to univerſal ſatisfaction; he may even die if he thinks proper; I will engage that he ſhall never be miſſed. I rehearſed before them, ſtrutted, ranted, and received applauſe. They ſoon gave out that a new actor of eminence was to appear, and immediately all the genteel places

were beſpoke. Before I aſcended the ſtage, however, I concluded within myſelf, that, as I brought money to the houſe, I ought to have my ſhare in the profits. Gentlemen, ſaid I, addreſſing our company, I do not pretend to direct you; far be it from me to treat you with ſo much ingratitude: you have publiſhed my name in the bills, with the utmoſt good nature; and, as affairs ſtand, cannot act without me; ſo, gentlemen, to ſhew you my gratitude, I expect to be paid for my acting as much as any of you, otherwiſe I declare off. I will brandiſh my ſnuffers, and clip candles as uſual. This was a very diſagreeable propoſal, but they found it was impoſſible to refuſe it; it was irreſiſtible, it was adamant: they conſented, and I went on in king Bajazet: my frowning brows, bound with a ſtocking ſtuffed into a turban, while on my captived arms I brandiſhed a jack-chain.

I was tall, and had a loud voice; nature indeed had fitted me for the part: my very entrance excited univerſal applauſe; I looked round on the audience with a ſmile, and made a moſt low and graceful bow, for that is the rule among us. As it was a very paſſionate part, I invigorated my ſpirits with three full glaſſes of brandy. By Alla! it is almoſt inconceivable how I went through it; Tamerlane was but a fool to me; though he was ſometimes loud enough too, yet I was ſtill louder than he: but then, beſides, I had attitudes in abundance: in general I kept my arms folded upon the pit of my ſtomach; it is the way at Drury-Lane, and has always a fine effect. In ſhort, I came off like a prodigy; and, ſuch was my ſucceſs, that I could raviſh the laurels even from a ſirloin of beef. The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town came to me, after the

the play was over, to compliment me upon my ſucceſs; one praiſed my voice, another my perſon: upon my word, ſays the 'ſquire's lady, he will make one of the fineſt actors in Europe; I ſay it, and I think I am ſomething of a judge.—Praiſe in the beginning is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favour; but when it comes in great quantities we regard it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit could extort: inſtead of thanking them, I internally applauded myſelf. We were deſired to give our piece a ſecond time; we obeyed, and I was applauded even more than before.

In order to be at a horſe-race at ſome diſtance from thence, we left the town. I ſhall never think of Tenterden without tears of gratitude and reſpect. The ladies and gentlemen there, take my word for it, are very good judges of plays and actors. We quitted the town, I ſay; and there was a wide difference between my coming in and going out; I entered the town a candle-ſnuffer, and I quitted it an hero!—— Such is the world; little to-day, and great to-morrow. I could ſay a great deal more upon that ſubject, ſomething truly ſublime, upon the ups and downs of fortune; but it would give you the ſpleen, and ſo I ſhall paſs it over.

Before we arrived at the next town, the races were ended, which was no ſmall diſappointment to our company; however, we were reſolved to take all we could get. I played capital characters there too, and came off with my uſual brilliancy. I ſincerely believe I ſhould have been the firſt actor in Europe, had my growing merit been properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly froſt which nipped me in the bud, and levelled me once more down to the common

ſtandard

ſtandard of humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out my ſnuff-box, the whole houſe was in a roar of rapture; when I exerciſed my cudgel, I thought they would have fallen into convulſions.

As bad luck would have it, there was here a lady who had received an education of nine months in London; and this gave her pretenſions to taſte, which rendered her the indiſputable miſtreſs of the ceremonies wherever ſhe came. She was informed of my merits; every body praiſed me; yet ſhe refuſed at firſt going to ſee me perform; ſhe could not conceive, ſhe ſaid, any thing but ſtuff from a ſtroller; talked ſomething in praiſe of Garrick, and amazed the ladies with her ſkill in enunciations, tones, and cadences: ſhe was at laſt, however, prevailed upon to go; and it was privately intimated to me what a judge was to be preſent at my next exhibition: however, no way intimidated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand ſtuck in my breeches, and the other in my boſom, as uſual at Drury-Lane; but, inſtead of looking at me, I perceived the whole audience had their eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine months in London; from her they expected the deciſion which was to ſecure the general's truncheon in my hand, or ſink me down into a theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my ſnuff-box, took ſnuff; the lady was ſolemn, and ſo were the reſt; I broke my cudgel on alderman Smuggler's back; ſtill gloomy, melancholy all, the lady groaned and ſhrugged her ſhoulders; I attempted, by laughing myſelf, to excite at leaſt a ſmile; but the devil a cheek could I perceive wrinkled into ſympathy: I found it would not do; all my good-humour now became

came forced; my laughter was converted into hyſteric grinning; and, while I pretended ſpirits, my eye ſhewed the agony of my heart: in ſhort, the lady came with an intention to be diſpleaſed, and diſpleaſed ſhe was; my fame expired for ever!

Proof of the Neceſſity of the early Choice of our Profeſſion, and Perſeverance in it, exemplified in the remarkable Conduct of Polyphilus.

IT is never without very melancholy reflections, that we can obſerve the miſconduct or miſcarriage of thoſe men, who ſeem by the force of underſtanding, or extent of knowledge, exempted from the general frailties of human nature, and privileged from the common infelicities of life. Though the world is crouded with ſcenes of calamity, we look for the moſt part upon the general maſs of wretchedneſs with very little regard, and fix our eyes upon the ſtate of particular perſons, whom the eminence of their qualities mark out from the multitude. As in reading the account of a battle, we ſeldom reflect on the vulgar heaps of ſlaughter, but follow the hero with our whole attention, through all the varieties of his fortune, without a thought of the thouſands that are falling round him.

With the ſame kind of anxious veneration, I have for many years paſt, been making obſervations on the life of Polyphilus, a man whom all his acquaintances have, from his firſt appearance in the world, feared for the quickneſs of his diſcernment, and admired for the multiplicity of his attainments; but whoſe progreſs in life, and whoſe

whoſe uſefulneſs to mankind have perhaps been hindered by the ſuperfluity of his knowledge, and the celerity of his mind.

Polyphilus was remarkable at the ſchool for ſurpaſſing all his companions, without any viſible application: and, at the univerſity, was diſtinguiſhed equally for his ſucceſsful progreſs, as well through the rough and thorny mazes of ſcience, as the ſmooth and flowing parts of politer literature; without any ſtrict confinement to hours of ſtudy, or any remarkable forbearance of the common amuſements of young men.

When Polyphilus was at the age in which men uſually chuſe their profeſſion, and prepare to enter into a public character, every academical eye was fixed upon him; and all were curious to enquire what this univerſal genius would fix upon for the employment of life; and, no doubt, was made but, that he would leave all his cotemporaries behind him, and mount to the higheſt honours of that claſs in which he ſhould inliſt himſelf, without thoſe delays and pauſes which muſt always be endured by meaner abilities.

Polyphilus, though by no means inſolent or aſſuming, had been ſufficiently encouraged by uninterrupted ſucceſs, to place great confidence in his own parts; and was not below his companions in the indulgence of his hopes and expectation of the aſtoniſhment with which the world would be ſtruck, when firſt his luſtre would break out upon it; nor could he help to join ſometimes in the mirth of his friends, at the ſudden diſappearance of thoſe, who having ſhone a while, and drawn the eyes of the public upon their feeble luſtre, were now doomed to fade away before him.

It is natural for a man to catch advantageous notions of the condition, which thoſe with whom he converſes are ſtriving to attain. Polyphilus, in a ramble to London, fell accidentally among the phyſicians, and was ſo much pleaſed with the proſpect of turning philoſphy to profit, and ſo highly delighted with a new theory of fevers, which darted into his imagination, and which, after having conſidered, in a few hours, he found himſelf able to maintain againſt all the advocates for the ancient ſyſtem, that he reſolved to apply himſelf to anatomy, botany, and chemiſtry; and to leave no part unconquered, either of the animal, mineral, or vegetable kingdoms.

He, therefore, read authors, contraſted ſyſtems, and tried experiments. But unhappily, as he was going to ſee a new plant in flower at Chelſea, he met, in croſſing Weſtminſter, to take the water, the Chancellor's coach. He had the curioſity to follow him into the hall, where a remarkable cauſe happened to be tried; and found himſelf able to produce ſo many arguments, which the lawyers had omitted on both ſides, that he determined to quit phyſic for a profeſſion in which he found it would be ſo eaſy to excel, and which promiſed high honours, and large profits, without melancholy attendance upon miſery, mean ſubmiſſion to peeviſhneſs, and continual interruption of reſt and pleaſure.

He immediately took chambers in the Temple, bought a common place book, and confined himſelf for ſome months to the peruſal of the ſtatutes, year books, pleadings, and reports. He was a conſtant hearer of the proceedings in the courts, and began to put caſes with reaſonable accuracy. But he ſoon diſcovered, by conſidering the patience of lawyers, that preferment was not to be got

got by acuteneſs, learning, and eloquence. He was perplexed by the abſurdities of attornies, and miſrepreſentations made by his clients of their own cauſes; by the uſeleſs anxiety of the one, and the inceſſant importunity of another. He began to repent of having devoted himſelf to a ſtudy, which was ſo narrow in its comprehenſion, which could never carry his name to any other country, and thought it unworthy of a man of parts, to ſell his life only for money. The barrenneſs of his fellow ſtudents, forced him generally into other company at his hours of entertainment; and among the varieties of converſation through which his curioſity was daily wandering, he, by chance, mingled at a tavern with ſome intelligent officers of the army. A man of letters was eaſily dazzled with the gaiety of their appearance, and ſoftened into kindneſs by the politeneſs of their addreſs. He therefore cultivated this new acquaintance; and when he ſaw how readily they found, in every place, admiſſion and regard, and how familiarly they mingled with every rank and order of men, he began to feel his heart beat for military honours, and wondered how the prejudices of the univerſity ſhould have made him ſo long inſenſible of that ambition, which had fired ſo many hearts in every age; and negligent of that calling, which is above all others, univerſally and invariably illuſtrious, and which gives even to the exterior appearance of its profeſſors, a dignity and freedom unknown to the reſt of mankind.

Theſe favourable impreſſions were made ſtill deeper by his converſation with the ladies, whoſe regard for ſoldiers he could not obſerve without wiſhing himſelf of that fraternity, to which the female world ſeemed to devote all their charms

and kindneſs. The love of knowledge, which was ſtill his predominant inclination, was gratified by the recital of adventures, and accounts of foreign countries; and, therefore, he thought there was no way of life in which all his views could ſo completely concentre as in that of a ſoldier. In the art of war he thought it not difficult to excel, having obſerved his new friends not very much verſed in the principles of tactics, or fortification; and, therefore, he ſtudied all the military writers, both ancient and modern; and, in a ſhort time, could tell how to have gained every remarkable battle that had been loſt from the beginning of the world. He often ſhewed at a table how Alexander ſhould have been checked in his conqueſt, what was the fatal error at Pharſalia, how Charles of Sweden might have eſcaped his ruin at Pultowa, and Marlborough might have been made to repent his temerity at Blenheim. He entrenched armies upon paper, ſo that no ſuperiority of numbers could force them; and modelled in clay many impregnable fortreſſes, on which the preſent arts of attack would be exhauſted without effect.

Polyphilus in a ſhort time obtained a commiſſion, but before he could rub off the ſolemnity of a ſcholar, and gain the true air of military vivacity, a war was declared, and forces ſent to the continent. Here Polyphilus unhappily found, that ſtudy alone would not make a ſoldier; for being much accuſtomed to think, the ſenſe of danger ſunk into his mind, and he felt at the approach of any action, that terror which a ſentence of death would have brought upon him. He ſaw that inſtead of conquering their fears, the endeavours of his gay friends were only to eſcape them; but his philoſophy chained his mind to

its object, and rather loaded him with ſhackles than furniſhed him with arms. He, however, ſuppreſſed his miſery in ſilence, and paſſed through the campaign with honour, but found himſelf utterly unable to ſupport another.

He then had recourſe again to his books, and continued to range from one ſtudy to another. As I uſually viſit him once a month, and am admitted to him without previous notice; I have found him within this laſt half year decyphering the Chineſe language, making a farce, collecting a vocabulary of the obſolete terms of the Engliſh law, writing an enquiry concerning the ancient Corinthian braſs, and forming a new ſcheme of the variations of the needle.

Thus his powerful genius, which might have extended the ſphere of any ſcience, or benefited the world in any profeſſion, is diſſipated in a boundleſs variety, without any profit to others or to himſelf. He makes ſudden irruptions into the regions of knowledge, and ſees all obſtacles give way before him; but he never ſtays long enough to complete his conqueſt, to eſtabliſh laws, or bring away the ſpoils.

The Way of the World.

FULVIUS was a very good natured fellow, but is now no more. He was bred in a compting-houſe, and his father dying juſt as he was out of his time, left him an handſome fortune, and many friends to adviſe with. The reſtraint in which he had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which ſome regarded as prudence; and, from ſuch conſiderations, he had

had every day repeated offers of friendſhip. Such as had money, were ready to offer him their aſſiſtance that way; and thoſe who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, adviſed him to marry. Fulvius was in good circumſtances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife; and therefore modeſtly declined their propoſals.

He was brought to a different way of thinking, by ſome errors in the management of his affairs, and ſeveral loſſes in trade; and he at laſt conſidered, that it was his beſt way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His firſt addreſs was to a ſcrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendſhip, at a time when, perhaps, he knew thoſe offers would have been refuſed. As a man, therefore, confident of not being refuſed, he requeſted the uſe of an hundred guineas for a few days, as he juſt then had occaſion for money. "And pray, Sir," replied the ſcrivener, "do "you want all this money?" "Want it, Sir?" ſays the other, "if I did not want it I ſhould "not have aſked it." "I am ſorry for that," ſays the friend, "for thoſe who want money when "they borrow, will always want money when "they ſhould come to pay. To ſay the truth, "Sir, money is money now; and I believe it is "all ſunk in the bottom of the ſea, for my part; "he that has got a little is a fool if he does not "keep what he has got."

Fulvius was not quite diſconcerted by this refuſal, and was reſolved to apply to another, whom he knew was the very beſt friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addreſſed, received his propoſal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendſhip.

"Let me ſee, you want an hundred guineas; "and pray, my dear friend, would not fifty "anſwer?" "If you have but fifty to ſpare, "Sir, I muſt be contented." "Fifty to ſpare; "I do not ſay that, for I believe I have but "twenty about me." "Then I muſt borrow "the other thirty from ſome other friend." "And pray." replied the friend, "would it "not be the beſt way to borrow the whole "money from that other friend, and then one "note will ſerve for all, you know? You "know, my dear Sir, that you need make no "ceremony with me at any time; you know I "am your friend; and when you chuſe a bit of "dinner, or ſo——You, Tom, ſee the gentle-"man down. You won't forget to dine with us "now and then. Your very humble ſervant."

This treatment diſtreſſed, but did not diſcourage him, and he was at laſt reſolved to find that aſſiſtance from love, which he could not have from friendſhip. A young lady, a diſtant relation by the mother's ſide, had a fortune in her own hands; and, as ſhe had already made all the advances that her ſex's modeſty would permit, he made his propoſal with confidence. He ſoon, however, perceived, that no bankrupt ever found the fair one kind. She had lately fallen deeply in love with another, who had more money, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would be a match.

Every ſucceeding day now began to ſtrip him of his former finery; his cloaths flew piece by piece, to the pawnbroker's, and he ſeemed at length equipped in the genuine livery of misfortune. But ſtill he thought himſelf ſecure from actual neceſſity; the numberleſs invitations he had received to dine, even after his loſſes, were yet

yet unanſwered; he was therefore now reſolved to accept of a dinner, becauſe he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The laſt place he went to, was a reverend divine's. He had, as he fancied, juſt nicked the time of dinner, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being deſired, and talked for ſome time without being attended to. He aſſured the company, that nothing procured ſo good an appetite as a walk in the Park, where he had been that morning. He went on, and praiſed the figure of the damaſk table-cloth; talked of a feaſt where he had been the day before, but that the veniſon was overdone. But all this procured him no invitation: finding therefore the gentleman of the houſe inſenſible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at laſt, to retire, and mend his appetite by a ſecond walk in the Park.

O ye ſons of misfortune whoever you be, whether in rags or lace; whether in Kent-ſtreet or the Mall; whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's, be adviſed by a friend, never ſeem to want the favour which you ſolicit. Apply to every paſſion but human pity for redreſs: you may find permanent relief from vanity, from ſelf-intereſt, or from avarice, but from compaſſion never. The very eloquence of a poor man is diſguſting; and that mouth which is opened even by wiſdom, is ſeldom expected to cloſe without the horrors of a petition.

If you wiſh to ward off the gripe of poverty, you muſt pretend to be a ſtranger to her, and ſhe will at leaſt uſe you with ceremony. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porrenger of peaſe-ſoup and potatoes, praiſe the wholeſome-

neſs of your frugal repaſt. You may obſerve, that Dr. Cheyne has preſcribed peaſe-broth for the gravel; hint that you are not one of thoſe who are always making a deity of your belly. If, again, you are obliged to wear a flimſy ſtuff in the midſt of winter, be the firſt to remark, that ſtuffs are very much worn at Paris; or, if there be found ſome irreparable defects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of ſitting croſs-legged, coaxing, or derning, ſay, that neither you nor Sampſon Gideon were ever very fond of dreſs. If you be a philoſopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the taylors you chooſe to employ; aſſure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, ſince what now is ſo much his pride, was formerly his ſhame. In ſhort, however caught, never give out; but aſcribe to the frugality of your diſpoſition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowneſs of your circumſtances. To be poor, and to ſeem poor, is a certain method never to riſe: pride in the great is hateful: in the wife, it is ridiculous; but beggarly pride is a rational vanity, which I have been taught to applaud and excuſe.

On Pleaſure.

IT has been the object of writers of every age to ſhew that pleaſure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amuſement. If the ſoul be happily diſpoſed, every thing becomes capable of affording entertainment, and diſtreſs will almoſt want a name. Every occurrence paſſes in review like the figures of a proceſſion; ſome may be

be aukward, others ill-dreſſed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the maſter of the ceremonies.

An inſtance of the truth of this was ſeen in the perſon of a ſlave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his ſituation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all theſe circumſtances of apparent wretchedneſs, he ſung, would have danced but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merrieſt, happieſt man of all the garriſon. What a practical philoſopher was here! an happy conſtitution ſupplied philoſophy; and, though ſeemingly deſtitute of wiſdom, he was really wiſe. No reading or ſtudy had contributed to diſenchant the fairy-land around him. Every thing furniſhed him with an opportunity of mirth; and, though ſome thought him, from his inſenſibility, a fool, he was ſuch an ideot as philoſophers ſhould wiſh to imitate; for all philoſophy is only forcing the trade of happineſs, when nature ſeems to deny the means.

Thoſe who, like our ſlave, can place themſelves on that ſide of the world in which every thing appears in a pleaſing light, will find ſomething in every occurrence to excite their good humour. The moſt calamitous events, either to themſelves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the buſtle of heroiſm, or the rants of ambition, ſerve only to heighten the abſurdity of the ſcene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in ſhort, as little anguiſh at their own diſtreſs, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dreſſed in black, feels ſorrow at a funeral.

The

The famous cardinal de Retz poſſeſſed this happineſs of temper in the higheſt degree, more perhaps than any other man in the world. As he was a man of gallantry, and deſpiſed all that wore the pedantic appearance of philoſophy, wherever pleaſure was to be ſold, he was generally foremoſt to raiſe the auction. Being an univerſal admirer of the fair ſex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if ſhe too rejected his addreſſes, he never thought of retiring into deſarts, or pining in hopeleſs diſtreſs. He perſuaded himſelf, that, inſtead of loving the lady, he only fancied that he had loved her, and ſo all was well again. When fortune wore her angrieſt look, and he at laſt fell into the power of his moſt deadly enemy cardinal Mazarine, (being confined a cloſe priſoner in the caſtle of Valenciennes) he never attempted to ſupport his diſtreſs by wiſdom or philoſophy, for he pretended to neither. He only laughed at himſelf and his perſecutor, and ſeemed infinitely pleaſed at his new ſituation. In this manſion of diſtreſs, though ſecluded from his friends, though denied all the amuſements, and even the conveniences of life, he ſtill retained his good humour; laughed at all the little ſpite of his enemies; and carried the jeſt ſo far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his gaoler.

To be ſtubborn or ſullen under misfortunes, is all that the wiſdom of the proud can teach. The cardinal's example will inſtruct us to be merry in circumſtances of the higheſt affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be conſtrued by others into inſenſibility, or even ideotiſm; it is happineſs to ourſelves, and none but a fool would meaſure his ſatisfaction by what the world

thinks of it: for my own part, I never paſs by one of our priſons for debt, that I do not envy that felicity which is ſtill going forward among thoſe people who forget the care of the world by being ſhut out from its ambition.

The following account of a good natured fellow, who actually ſubſiſts at this moment, is a caſe in point. Whenever he fell into any miſery, he uſually called it ſeeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a ſharper, he comforted himſelf by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more faſhionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiſs to him. His inattention to money matters had incenſed his father to ſuch a degree, that all the interceſſion of friends in his favour was fruitleſs. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him—"I leave my ſecond "ſon, Andrew," ſaid the expiring miſer, "my "whole eſtate, and deſire him to be frugal." Andrew, in a ſorrowful tone, as is uſual on theſe occaſions, prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himſelf. "I recommend Simon, "my third ſon, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beſide four thouſand pounds." "Ah! father," cried Simon (in great affliction to be ſure) "May heaven give you life and "health to enjoy it yourſelf." At laſt, turning to poor Dick, "As for you, you have always "been a ſad dog; you will never come to good; "you will never be rich; I will leave you a "ſhilling to buy an halter." "Ah! father," cries Dick, without any emotion, "may heaven "give you life and health to enjoy it yourſelf." This was all the trouble the loſs of fortune gave this thoughtleſs imprudent creature. However,

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the tenderneſs of an uncle recompenſed the neglect of a father; and he is now not only exceſſively good-humoured, but competently rich.

Let the world cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who ſmiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good-humour in ſpite of ſcandal; but ſuch is the wiſeſt behaviour that any of us can poſſible aſſume; it is certainly a better way to oppoſe calamity by diſſipation, than to take up the arms of reaſon or reſolution to oppoſe it: by the firſt method, we forget our miſeries; by the laſt, we only conceal them from others; by ſtruggling with misfortunes, we are ſure to receive ſome wounds in the conflict; but a ſure method to come off victorious, is by running away.

MARIA: *An affecting Narrative.*

PART I.

THEY were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs, to hear them more diſtinctly.——It is Maria, ſaid the poſtillion, obſerving I was liſtening—Poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is ſitting upon a bank playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent, and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four

a four and twenty ſous piece, when I got to Moulines——

—— And who is poor Maria? ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, ſaid the poſtillion—it is but three years ago, that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick witted, and amiable a maid; and a better fate did Maria deſerve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the ſame notes;—yet were ten times ſweeter; it is the evening ſervice to the virgin, ſaid the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that ſervice upon it both night and day.

The poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decypherıng ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a fine olive leaf twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide——ſhe was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart ach, it was the moment I ſaw her——

—— God help her! poor damſel! above a hundred maſſes ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid in

in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around for her,—but without effect; we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtillion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender and querulous that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

Maria looked wiſhfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and ſo on alternately——

—— Well, Maria, ſaid I ſoftly—What reſemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a beaſt man is,—that I aſked the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of miſery, to be intitled to all the wit that even Rabelais ſcattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor helpleſs damſel!—ſome time, but not now, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived, for that moment ſhe took her pipe, and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

PART II.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moliñes, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket. I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar—ſhe was ſitting with her

elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after.

She was dreſſed in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk net. She had ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt, at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover, and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring.——"Thou ſhalt not leave me, "Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I looked in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father than of her lover, or her little goat; for as ſhe uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her, and Maria let me wipe them away, as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then ſteeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and as I did it—I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.——

I am poſitive I have a ſoul, nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world ever convince me of the contrary.——

When Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man, who ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She ſaid ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remembered it

upon two accounts—that ill as ſhe was, ſhe was ſure the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſhed it, ſhe ſaid in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket to reſtore it to him, in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again; which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it; ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I ſaw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Appennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes—how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell—but God tempers the wind, ſaid Maria, to the ſhorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and ſhelter thee, thou ſhouldſt eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup.—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers, and when I had done, thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe, nor would the incenſe of thy ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteeped too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream.

And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I.—I will dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe—it will do me good.

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—ſhe looked with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face, and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe and played her ſervice to the virgin.—The ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall—and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.—She ſaid, to Moulines.——Let us go, ſaid I, together.——Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we had got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look, and laſt farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms——affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly——ſtill ſhe was feminine——and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould not only eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden! imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind them up for ever.

Religion and Superſtition contraſted.

A VISION.

THE following remarkable dream made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion upon the mind of Caſtillus, that we will relate it in his own words.

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to their lively converſation; when, on a ſudden, I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſſed in black; her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles; her eyes deep ſunk in her head; and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity; and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bade me follow her. I obeyed; and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps, her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the fair face of heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howling reſounded through the foreſt; from every baleful tree the night raven uttered his dreadful note, and the proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous ſcene, my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner:

"Retire

" Retire with me, O raſh, unthinking mor-
" tal! from the vain allurements of a deceitful
" world, and learn that pleaſure was not deſign-
" ed the portion of human life. Man was born
" to mourn and to be wretched. This is the
" condition of all below the ſtars, and whoever
" endeavours to oppoſe it, acts in contradiction
" to the will of heaven. Fly then from the
" fatal enchantments of mirth and ſocial delight,
" and here conſecrate the ſolitary hours to la-
" mentation and woe. Miſery is the duty of all
" ſublunary beings; and every enjoyment is an
" offence to the deity, who is to be worſhipped
" only by the mortification of every ſenſe of
" pleaſure, and the everlaſting exerciſe of ſighs
" and tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy within me. I threw myſelf beneath a blaſted yew, where the winds blew cold and diſmal round my head, and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. In this ſad condition I eſpied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whoſe waves rolled on in ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was juſt upon the brink, when I found myſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was ſurpriſed by the ſight of the loveliеſt object I ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their aweful ſplendor were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach, the frightful ſpectre, who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away,

and with her all the horrors ſhe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened into chearful ſunſhine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite tranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to gladden my thoughts; when, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions.

"My name is Religion. I am the offspring "of Truth and Love, and the parent of Bene- "volence, Hope, and Joy. That monſter from "whoſe power I have freed you, is called Su- "perſtition; ſhe is the child of Diſcontent, and "her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus, "different as we are, ſhe has often the inſolence "to aſſume my name and character, and ſeduce "unhappy mortals to think the ſame, till ſhe "at length drives them to the borders of deſpair, "that dreadful abyſs into which you were juſt "going to ſink."

"Look round and ſurvey the glorious beauties "of this globe, which heaven has deſtined for "the ſeat of the human race; and conſider "whether a world thus exquiſitely framed, could "be meant for the abode of miſery and pain. "For what end has the laviſh hand of provi- "dence diffuſed ſuch innumerable objects of de- "light, but that all might rejoice in the privi- "lege of exiſtence, and be filled with gratitude "to the beneficent author of it? Thus to enjoy "the bleſſings he has ſent, is virtue and obedi- "ence; and to reject them merely as means of "pleaſure, is pitiable ignorance, or abſurd per- "verſeneſs. Infinite goodneſs is the ſource of "created exiſtence. The proper tendency of "every rational being, from the higheſt order

"of

" of raptured ſeraphs, to the meaneſt rank of " men, is to riſe inceſſantly from lower degrees " of happineſs to higher. They have each fa- " culties aſſigned them for various orders of de- " lights."

What! cried Caſtillus, is this the language of Religion? Does ſhe lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them paſs an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, and the ſelf-denying exerciſes of ſaints and heroes?

" The true enjoyment of a reaſonable being " (anſwered ſhe mildly), does not conſiſt in un- " bounded indulgence, or luxurious eaſe, in the " tumult of paſſions, the languor of indolence, " or the flutter of light amuſements. Yielding " to immoral pleaſure corrupts the mind; liv- " ing to animal and trifling one's debaſe it; " both in their degrees diſqualify it for its ge- " nuine good, and conſign it over to wretched- " neſs. Whoever would be really happy, muſt " make the diligent and regular exerciſe of his " ſuperior powers his chief attention, adoring " the perfections of his maker, expreſſing good " will to his fellow creatures, and cultivating " inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he " muſt allow ſuch gratifications as will, by re- " freſhing them, invigorate his noble purſuits. " In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, " unmingled felicity for ever blooms; joy flows " there with a perpetual and abundant ſtream, " nor needs there any mound to check its courſe. " Beings conſcious of a frame of mind original- " ly diſeaſed, as all the human race has cauſe to " be, muſt uſe the regimen of a ſtricter ſelf- " government. Whoever has been guilty of " voluntary exceſſes, muſt patiently ſubmit both

" to

" to the painful workings of nature, and need-
" ful ſeverities of medicine, in order to his cure.
" Still he is intitled to a moderate ſhare of
" whatever alleviating accommodations this fair
" manſion of his merciful parent affords, con-
" ſiſtent with his recovery. And in proportion
" as this recovery advances, the livelieſt joy will
" ſpring from his ſecret ſenſe of an amended
" and improved heart. So far from the horrors
" of deſpair is the condition even of the guilty.—
" Shudder poor mortal at the thought of the
" gulph into which thou waſt juſt now going to
" plunge."

" While the moſt faulty have every encou-
" ragement to amend, the more innocent ſoul
" will be ſupported with ſtill ſweeter conſolations
" under all its experience of human infirmities,
" ſupported by the gladdening aſſurances, that
" every ſincere endeavour to outgrow them,
" ſhall be aſſiſted, accepted, and rewarded. To
" ſuch a one, the loweſt ſelf-abaſement is but a
" deep laid foundation for the moſt elevated
" hopes; ſince they who faithfully examine and
" acknowledge what they are, ſhall be enabled
" under my conduct to become what they de-
" ſire. The Chriſtian and the hero are inſepa-
" rable; and to the aſpirings of unaſſuming truſt
" and filial confidence are ſet no bounds. To
" him who is animated with a view of obtaining
" approbation from the ſovereign of the univerſe,
" no difficulty is unſurmountable. Secure in
" this purſuit of every needful aid, his conflict
" with the ſevereſt pains and trials, is little
" more than the vigorous exerciſe of a mind in
" health. His patient dependence on that pro-
" vidence which looks through all eternity, his
" ſilent reſignation, his ready accommodation

" of

" of his thoughts and behaviour to its inſcrutable
" ways, is at once the moſt excellent ſort of
" ſelf-denial, and ſource of the moſt exalted
" tranſports. Society is the true ſphere of hu-
" man virtue. In ſocial, active life, difficulties
" will be perpetually met with, reſtraints of
" many kinds will be neceſſary, and ſtudying to
" behave right in reſpect of theſe, is a diſcipline
" of the human heart, uſeful to others, and im-
" proving to itſelf. Suffering is no duty, but
" where it is neceſſary to avoid guilt, or to do
" good, nor pleaſure a crime, but where it
" ſtrengthens the influence of bad inclinations,
" or leſſens the generous activity of virtue. The
" happineſs allotted to man in his preſent ſtate,
" is indeed faint and low, compared with his
" immortal proſpect and noble capacities; but
" yet, whatever portion of it the diſtributing
" hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a
" needful ſupport and refreſhment for the pre-
" ſent moment, ſo far as it may not hinder the
" attaining his final deſtination.

" Return then with me from continual miſery
" to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity;
" return from the contracted views of ſolitude,
" to the proper duties of a relative and dependent
" being. Religion is not confined to cells and
" cloſets, nor reſtrained to ſullen retirement.
" Theſe are the gloomy doctrines of ſuperſti-
" tion, by which ſhe endeavours to break theſe
" chains of benevolence and ſocial affection, that
" link the welfare of every particular with that
" of the whole. Remember, that the greateſt
" honour you can pay the author of your being,
" is ſuch a chearful behaviour, as diſcovers a mind
" ſatisfied with its own diſpenſations."

Thus

Thus ended this delightful lecture, when Caſtillus was awakened by a ring of bells from the neighbouring village.

On the extreme Folly of being diſſatisfied with our preſent Circumſtances, exemplified in the remarkable Hiſtory of Horatio, written by himſelf.

I Am the ſon of a younger brother of a good family, who, at his deceaſe, left me a little fortune of about one hundred pounds per annum. I was put early to Eaton ſchool, where I learned Latin and Greek, from whence I went to the univerſity, where I learned, not totally to forget them. I came to my fortune while I was at college, and having no inclination to follow any profeſſion; I removed myſelf to town, and lived for ſome time as moſt young fellows do, by ſpending four times my income. But it was my happineſs, before it was too late, to fall in love with, and to marry a very amiable young creature, whoſe fortune was juſt ſufficient to repair the breach made in my own. With this agreeable companion I retreated to the country, and endeavoured as well as I was able, to ſquare my wiſhes to my circumſtances. In this endeavour I ſucceeded ſo well, that excepting a few private hankerings after a little more than I poſſeſſed, and now and then a ſigh when a coach and ſix happened to drive by me in my walks, I was a very happy man.

I can truly ſay, that though my family oeconomy was not much to be boaſted of; and, in conſequence of it, we were frequently driven to great

great ſtraits and difficulties, I experienced more real ſatisfaction in this humble ſituation, than I have ever done ſince in more enviable circumſtances. We were ſometimes indeed a little in debt, but when money came in, the pleaſure of diſcharging what we owed, was more than equivalent for theſe pains it put us to; and though the narrowneſs of our circumſtances ſubjected us to many cares and anxieties, it ſerved to keep the body in action as well as the mind; for, as our garden was ſomewhat large, and required more hands to keep it in order than we could afford to hire, we daily laboured in it ourſelves, and drew health from our neceſſities

I had a little boy who was the delight of my heart, and who probably might have been ſpoiled by nurſing, if the attention of his parents had not been otherwiſe employed. His mother was naturally of a ſickly conſtitution, but the affairs of her family, as they ingroſſed all her thoughts, gave her no time for complaint. The ordinary troubles of life, which to thoſe who have nothing elſe to think of, are almoſt inſupportable, were leſs terrible to us than to perſons of eaſier circumſtances, for it is a certain truth, that where the mind is divided among many cares, the anxiety is lighter than when there is only one to contend with. Even in the happieſt ſituation, in the midſt of eaſe, health, and affluence, the mind is generally ingenious in tormenting itſelf, loſing the immediate enjoyment of thoſe invaluable bleſſings, by the painful ſuggeſtion that they are too great for continuance.

Theſe are the reflections that I have made ſince, for I do not attempt to deny, that I ſighed frequently for an addition to my fortune. The death of a diſtant relation, which happened five

years

years after our marriage, gave me this addition, and made me for a time the happieſt man living. My income was now increaſed to ſix hundred a year; and, I hoped, with a little œconomy, to be able to make a figure with it. But the ill health of my wife, which in leſs eaſy circumſtances had not touched me ſo nearly, was now conſtantly in my thoughts, and ſoured all my enjoyments. The conſciouſneſs too of having ſuch an eſtate to leave my boy, made me ſo anxious to preſerve him, that inſtead of ſuffering him to run at pleaſure where he pleaſed, and to grow hardy by exerciſe, I almoſt deſtroyed him by confinement. We now did nothing in our garden, becauſe we were in circumſtances to have it kept by others; but as air and exerciſe were neceſſary for our healths, we reſolved to abridge ourſelves of ſome unneceſſary articles, and to ſet up an equipage. This, in time, brought with it a train of expences, which we had neither prudence to foreſee, nor courage to prevent. For, as it enabled us to extend the circuit of our viſits, it greatly increaſed our acquaintance, and ſubjected us to the neceſſity of making continual entertainments at home, in return for thoſe which we were invited to abroad. The charges that attended this new manner of living, were much too great for the income we poſſeſſed; inſomuch, that we found ourſelves in a very ſhort time more neceſſitous than ever. Pride would not ſuffer us to lay down an equipage, and to live in a manner unſuitable to it, was what we could not think of. To pay the debts I had contracted, I was ſoon forced to mortgage my eſtate; and, at laſt, to ſell the beſt part of it; and, as it was utterly impoſſible to keep up the parade any longer, we thought it adviſeable to remove

of a ſudden, to ſell our coach in town, and to look out for a new ſituation, at a greater diſtance from our acquaintance.

But unfortunately for my peace, I carried a habit of expence along with me, and was very near being reduced to abſolute want, when by the unexpected death of an uncle, and his two ſons, who died within a few weeks of each other, I ſucceeded to an eſtate of 7000 l. a year.

In this ſituation I might be called a very happy man, and ſo indeed I was; I ſet about the regulation of my family with the moſt pleaſing ſatisfaction. The ſplendor of my equipages, the magnificence of my plate, the crowd of ſervants that attended me, the elegance of my houſe and furniture, the grandeur of my park and gardens, the luxury of my table, and the court that was every where paid me, gave me inexpreſſible delight ſo long as they were novelties; but no ſooner were they become habitual to me, than I loſt all manner of reliſh for them, and I diſcovered in a very little time, that by having nothing to wiſh for I had nothing to enjoy. My appetite grew palled by ſatiety, a perpetual crowd of viſitors robbed me of all domeſtic enjoyment, my ſervants plagued me, and my ſteward cheated me.

But the courſe of greatneſs did not end here. Daily experience convinced me that I was compelled to live more for others than for myſelf. My uncle had been a great party man, and a zealous oppoſer of all miniſterial meaſures; as his eſtate was the largeſt of any gentleman in the county, he ſupported an intereſt in it beyond any of his competitors. My father had been greatly obliged by the court party, which determined me in gratitude to declare myſelf on that ſide; but the difficulties I had to encounter were too many and too

great for me; inſomuch that I have been baffled and defeated in almoſt every thing I have undertaken. To deſert the cauſe I have embarked in would diſgrace me; and to go greater lengths in it will almoſt undo me. I am engaged in a perpetual ſtate of warfare with the principal gentlemen of the county, and am curſed by my tenants and dependents for compelling them at every election to vote (as they are pleaſed to tell me) contrary to their conſciences.

My wife and I had once pleaſed ourſelves with the thoughts of being uſeful in the neighbourhood, by dealing out our charity to the poor and induſtrious; but the perpetual hurry in which we live, renders us incapable of looking out for objects ourſelves, and the agents we intruſt are either pocketing our bounty, or beſtowing it on the undeſerving. At night when we retire to reſt, we are venting our complaints on the miſeries of the day, and praying heartily for the return of that peace, which was the only companion of our humbleſt ſituation.

Where pain, ſickneſs, and abſolute want, are out of the queſtion, no external change of circumſtances can make a man more laſtingly happy than he was before. It is to our ignorance of this truth, that the univerſal diſſatisfaction of mankind is principally to be aſcribed. Care is the lot of human life; and he that aſpires to greatneſs in hopes to get rid of it, is like one who throws himſelf into a furnace to avoid the ſhivering ague.

The only ſatisfaction I can enjoy in my preſent ſituation is, that it has not pleaſed heaven in its wrath to make me a king.

An Eſſay on the Amuſements of Sunday.

IT is aſtoniſhing to conceive what quantities of bread, cheeſe, cakes, ale, &c. are conſtantly conſumed of a Sunday, in all the little towns near London. It is incredible how many thouſand buns are devoured in that one day at Chelſea, and the neighbouring villages, and how much beer is ſwallowed at Iſlington, and Mile-end, as well as what oceans of tea and coffee, and cart loads of hot loaves at White Conduit Houſe, Bagnigge Wells, Canonbury Houſe, the Spa, &c.

Could an exact eſtimate be formed, the review would be very entertaining, and we muſt conclude that the Sabbath is a moſt excellent inſtitution, ſince the very breaking of it is the ſupport of half the villages about the metropolis.

That part of the fourth commandment which prohibits the doing any work on Sunday, is very ſtrictly obſerved by the common people, who ſeem to underſtand it as if it gave them an uncontrolled licence to pleaſurable indulgences. They take this opportunity of walking as far as the iſland of St. Helena, or eating white bait at Blackwall. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of London and Weſtminſter, than a rainy Sunday. How many city apprentices, merchants clerks, as well as ſeveral other people of different profeſſions, would be diſappointed of a ride once a week, if the legiſlature was to limit the hired horſes, and one horſe chaiſes, from working on that day to a certain number.

The plodding tradeſman is carried to his ſnug box, which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that over-runs the front, and is placed as near to the road ſide as poſſible, where the pleaſure of ſeeing carriages pop under his window, compenſates for being almoſt ſmothered with duſt. The young apprentices, clerks, &c. above alluded to, are ſeen whipping and ſpurring their broken winded jades up the hills; and the good natured huſband, together with his mate, are dragged along the road to the admiration of the foot paſſenger, who trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other.

The country in itſelf has not any peculiarly attractive charms, for the people who thus proſtitute it, think themſelves out of the world if they are not within the ſound of Bow bell; but it in general ſerves for an excuſe for eating and drinking, and they get out of town merely becauſe they have nothing to do at home; a brick-kiln ſmells as ſweet to them as a farm-yard; they would pop by a barn, or an hay-ſtack, without notice, but they rejoice at the ſight of every hedge alehouſe that promiſes good home brewed. As the reſt of a citizen's life is regular and uniform, ſo his Sunday diverſions have little variety. His journal in general runs thus:

Sunday—Overſlept myſelf, did not riſe till nine, was a full hour in pulling on my new double-channelled pumps, could get no breakfaſt, my wife being buſy in dreſſing herſelf for church.

At Eleven—Family at church, walked by myſelf to Mother Redcaps at Holloway, ſmoaked half a pipe, and drank a pint of Calvert's.

Dined at one; pudding not boiled enough, ſuet muſty, wife was to drive me in a one horſe chaiſe as far as Endfield Waſh, but it looked likely to rain,

rain, took a nap, and poſted ſeven pages of my day-book till five.

At ſix, Mrs. Deputy came to drink tea with my wife; I hate their ſlip ſlops; called on my neighbour the Common Council man, and took a walk with him to Iſlington.

From ſeven to eight, ſmoaked a pipe, eat an heart-cake, and drank two pints of cyder.

At nine got to town again, very much fatigued with my journey, pulled off my claret coloured coat, and blue ſattin waiſtcoat, went to club, ſmoaked three pipes, came home at twelve, and ſlept very ſoundly.

To people of diſtinction, Sunday wears the ſame face as the reſt of the week. It is really a matter of wonder and aſtoniſhment, that no public place, ſuch as Ranelagh and Vauxhall, ſhould not be open of a Sunday evening, where perſons of faſhion might paſs away the hours that hang ſo heavy upon their hands, till the time arrives when they might with propriety ſit down to the card table, for it is certainly more decent to make aſſignations there than at church, which we are ſorry to ſay is too much frequented for that purpoſe alone; though this is pretty well remedied by the concourſe of people who attend the Mall and Kenſington Gardens. Now we are upon the ſubject, we may make ſome obſervations upon the modern method of church going, which as it is practiſed may be reckoned among our Sunday amuſements, as people are induced to appear in a place of worſhip, from the ſame motives that they frequent the public places. To ſome it anſwers all the purpoſes of a route or an aſſembly, to ſee and to be ſeen by their acquaintance, and from their bows, nods, curtſies, and loud converſations, one might conclude that they imagined them-

ſelves in a drawing room; to others it affords a cheap opportunity of ſhewing their taſte for dreſs; not a few are drawn together in our cathedrals and large churches, by the influence of the muſic rather than by the prayers, and are kept awake by a jig from the organ loft, though they are lulled aſleep by the harangue from the pulpit.

A well diſpoſed Chriſtian will go a mile from his own houſe to St. Paul's, for the ſake of the anthem rather than the ſermon, and many a Methodiſt will trudge to the Lock chapel, not becauſe M—— is to preach, but becauſe Lockhart plays on the organ, and Miſs ——— leads the enchanting train of female ſingers.

Upon modern principles it appears very ſtrange, that going to church ſhould be deemed a kind of amuſement, at leaſt it is ſo wholly incompatible with the polite ſyſtem of life, that a perſon of faſhion, as affairs are now managed, finds it abſolutely impoſſible to comply with the practice. The ſervice always begins at ſuch unfaſhionable hours, that in the morning a perſon muſt huddle on his clothes, like a boy to run to ſchool; and in an afternoon muſt inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all theſe objections, and that ſome ritual may be eſtabliſhed in this kingdom agreeable to our inclinations, and conſiſtent with our general practice, we propoſe the following ſcheme for the conſideration of the public.

It is propoſed that Chriſtianity be aboliſhed by Act of Parliament, and that no other religion be impoſed on us in its ſtead; but as the age grows more and more enlightened, we may at laſt be quite delivered from the influence of ſuperſtition and bigotry; that in order to prevent our ever relapſing into pious errors, and that the common

people

people may not loſe their holiday, be it enacted, that every Sunday be ſet apart to commemorate our victory over all religion; that the churches be turned into free-thinking meeting-houſes, and diſcourſes read in them to confute the doctrine of a future ſtate, the immortality of the ſoul, and other abſurd notions, which ſome people now regard as objects of belief; that a ritual be appointed, diametrically oppoſite to our preſent liturgy, and inſtead of reading portions of Scripture, the firſt and ſecond leſſons ſhall conſiſt of a ſection of the poſthumous works of Lord Bolingbroke, or of a few pages of the writings of Voltaire, Hume, Prieſtley, Shafteſbury, Kaimes, and other Deiſtical writers; that the uſual feaſts and faſts, ſuch as Chriſtmas-day, Eaſter Sunday, Whitſunday, Trinity Sunday, &c. be ſtill preſerved, but that on thoſe days diſcourſes be delivered ſuitable to the occaſion, containing a refutation of the nativity, reſurrection, and deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt; the doctrine of the Trinity, and many other ridiculous antiquated opinions; that inſtead of the vile and odious method of a clerk bawling out two ſtaves of Sternhold and Hopkins, or Tate and Brady, or a Cathedral choir ſinging anthems from the Pſalter, Mrs. Kennedy, Miſs Brown, Miſs Catley, and Mr. Leoni, be employed in ſinging the moſt faſhionable cantatas, ſongs, or catches, and that inſtead of collecting money for the trifling purpoſe of educating and clothing a parcel of charity children, a ſubſcription be entered into for bringing over Signiora Gabrielli from Italy, that our entertainment may be the more refined; that the whole ſervice be conducted with ſuch taſte and elegance, as may render theſe free-thinking meeting-houſes, as agreeable as the Pantheon, on a maſquerade night, or Miſs Harrop's benefit, and that they may

may be even more judiciouſly calculated for the propogation of infidelity, than the various theological diſputing ſocieties in this metropolis, and are ſubverſive of the true principles of government, and genuine patriotiſm, as the aſſociations at Weſtminſter, and many other Republican aſſemblies.

Thoughts on Popularity.

FAME is ſo capricious a goddeſs, and I muſt own I have ſuch an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to ſuſpect that merit which raiſes their ſhout; at leaſt I am certain to find thoſe great, and ſometimes good men, who find ſatisfaction in ſuch acclamations, made worſe by it; and hiſtory has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

An inſtance of this occurred as Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been juſt evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townſmen buſy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been deſigned to repreſent himſelf. There were ſome alſo knocking down a neighbouring ſtatue of one of the Orſini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is poſſible that a man who knew leſs of the world, would have condemned the adulation of thoſe bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander ſeemed pleaſed at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his ſon, ſaid with a ſmile, *Vides, mi fili, quam leve diſcriminem palibulum inter*

et

et ſtatuum. "You ſee, my ſon, the ſmall difference between a gibbet and a ſtatue." If the great could be taught any leſſon, this might ſerve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory ſtands, which is built upon popular applauſe; for, as ſuch praiſe what ſeems like merit, they as quickly condemn what has only the appearance of guilt.

The report of James II. abdicating the throne of Great Britain, occaſioned the lighting of many bonfires, a ſecond report of his eſtabliſhment upon it, the next day, produced the ſame effects.

The following ſtory is much to my preſent purpoſe. A Chineſe, who had long ſtudied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thouſand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and obſerve the cuſtoms of a people whom he thought not very much inferior, even to his own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon every paſſion. Upon his arrival at Amſterdam, his paſſion for letters naturally led him to a bookſeller's ſhop; and, as he could ſpeak a little Dutch, he civilly aſked the bookſeller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookſeller aſſured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "What, have you never heard of that immortal poet?" returned the other much ſurprized, "that light of the eyes, that favourite of kings, that roſe of perfection! I ſuppoſe you know nothing of the immortal Fipſihihi, ſecond couſin to the moon?" "Nothing at all, indeed, Sir," returned the other. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpoſe, then, has one of theſe faſted to death, and the other offered himſelf up as a ſacrifice to the Tartar enemy, to gain a renown

renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

So prevalent is this that there is ſcarce a village in Europe, and not one univerſity, that is not thus furniſhed with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who oppoſes the deſigns of a prince, who would tyrannically force his ſubjects to ſave their beſt cloaths for Sunday; the puny pedant, who finds one undiſcovered property in the polype, or deſcribes an unheeded proceſs in the ſkeleton of a mole; and whoſe mind, like his microſcope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes ſmooth verſes, and paints to our imagination, when he ſhould only ſpeak to our hearts: all equally fancy themſelves walking forward to immortality, and deſire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philoſopher and poet, are ſhouted in their train. "Where was there ever ſo much merit ſeen? no times ſo important as our own; ages, yet unborn, ſhall gaze with wonder and applauſe!" To ſuch muſic, the important pigmy moves forward, buſtling and ſwelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a ſtorm.

How vain and inſtable is popularity! I have lived to ſee admirals and generals who once had crowds hallowing after them wherever they went, who were bepraiſed by news-papers and magazines, thoſe echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long ſunk into merited obſcurity, with ſcarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fiſhery employed all Grub-ſtreet; it was the topic in every coffee-houſe, and the burthen of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the ſea; we were to ſupply all Europe with herrings upon

upon our own terms. At preſent, we hear no more of all this. We have fiſhed up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furniſh the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we ſhall find all our expectations in herring-fiſhery.

I ſhould not at all wonder if the caprice of the populace which lately made the ſkies ring with the name of a Keppel, ſhould repeat, if poſſible, louder huzza's at the advancement of his adverſary.

Animadverſions on the Conduct of the Clergy.

IT is undoubtedly true, that our Engliſh divines receive a more liberal education, and improve that education, by frequent ſtudy, more than any others of this reverend profeſſion in Europe. It may be obſerved alſo in general, that a greater degree of gentility is affixed to the character of a ſtudent in England than elſewhere; by which means our clergy have an opportunity of ſeeing better company while young, and of ſoon wearing off thoſe prejudices which they are apt to imbibe even in the beſt regulated univerſities, and which may be juſtly termed the vulgar errors of the wiſe.

Nevertheleſs, it is very obvious with all theſe advantages, that the clergy are no where ſo little thought of, by the populace, as here; and, though our divines are foremoſt, with reſpect to abilities, yet they are found laſt in the effects of their miniſtry; the vulgar, in general, appearing no way impreſſed with a ſenſe of religious duty. I am not for whining at the depravity of the times, or for endeavouring to paint a proſpect more gloomy

than in nature; but certain it is, no perſon who has travelled will contradict me, when I aver, that the lower orders of mankind, in other countries, teſtify, on every occaſion, the profoundeſt awe of religion; while in England they are ſcarcely awakened into a ſenſe of its duties, even in circumſtances of the greateſt diſtreſs.

Foreigners are apt to attribute this diſſolute and fearleſs conduct to climate and conſtitution; may not the vulgar, being pretty much neglected in our exhortations from the pulpit, be a conſpiring cauſe? Our divines ſeldom ſtoop to their mean capacities; and they who want inſtruction moſt, find leaſt in our religious aſſemblies.

It ſeems to me to be a principal duty, whatever may become of the higher orders of mankind, who are generally poſſeſſed of collateral motives to virtue, the vulgar ſhould be particularly regarded, whoſe behaviour in civil life is totally hinged upon their hopes and fears. Thoſe who conſtitute the baſis of the great fabrick of ſociety, ſhould be particularly regarded; for, in policy, as in architecture, that maxim holds good, ruin is moſt fatal when it begins from the bottom.

It is the misfortune of men of real ſenſe and underſtanding to prefer a prudent mediocrity to a precarious popularity; and, fearing to outdo their duty, leave it half done. Their diſcourſes from the pulpit are generally dry, methodical, and unaffecting; delivered with the moſt inſipid calmneſs; inſomuch, that, ſhould the peaceful preacher lift his head over the cuſhion, which alone he ſeems to addreſs, he might diſcover his audience, inſtead of being awakened to remorſe, actually ſleeping over his methodical and laboured compoſition.

Some

Some people call this method of preaching, an addreſs to reaſon, and not to the paſſions; this is ſtiled the making of converts from conviction: but ſuch are indifferently acquainted with human nature, who are not ſenſible, that men ſeldom reaſon about their debaucheries till they are committed; reaſon is but a weak antagoniſt when headlong paſſion dictates; in all ſuch caſes we ſhould arm one paſſion againſt another; it is with the human mind as in nature, from the mixture of two oppoſites the reſult is moſt frequently neutral tranquility. Thoſe who attempt to reaſon us out of our follies, begin at the wrong end, ſince the attempt naturally preſuppoſes us capable of this, which is one great point of the cure.

In order to become a popular preacher there are but few talents requiſite, for the people are eaſily pleaſed if they perceive any endeavours in the orator to pleaſe them; the meaneſt qualifications will work this effect, if the preacher ſincerely ſets about it. Perhaps little, indeed very little more is required, than ſincerity and aſſurance; and a becoming ſincerity is always certain of producing a becoming aſſurance. "Si vis me fiere, dolendum eſt primum tibi ipſi," is ſo trite a quotation, that it almoſt demands an apology to repeat it; yet, though all allow the juſtice of the remark, how few do we find put it in practice! Our orators, with the moſt faulty baſhfulneſs, ſeem impreſſed rather with an awe of their audience than with a juſt reſpect for the truths they are about to deliver; they, of all profeſſions, ſeem the moſt baſhful, who have the greateſt right to glory in their commiſſion.

It is the cuſtom with the French preachers generally to aſſume all that dignity which becomes men who are ambaſſadors from Chriſt: whilſt the

Engliſh divines, like erroneous envoys, ſeem more ſolicitous not to offend the court to which they are ſent, than to drive home the intereſts of their employer. The biſhop of Maſſilon, in the firſt ſermon he ever preached, found the whole audience, upon his getting into the pulpit, in a diſpoſition no way favourable to his intentions; their nods, whiſpers, or drowſy behaviour, ſhewed him that there was no great profit to be expected from his ſowing in a ſoil ſo improper; however, he ſoon changed the diſpoſition of his audience by his manner of beginning: "If," ſays he, "a cauſe, the moſt important that could be conceived, were to be tried at the bar before qualified judges; if this cauſe intereſted ourſelves in particular; if the eyes of the whole kingdom were fixed upon the event; if the moſt eminent council were employed on both ſides; and if we had heard from our infancy of this yet undetermined trial; would you not all ſit with due attention, and warm expectation, to the pleadings on each ſide? Would not all your hopes and fears be hinged upon the final deciſion? And yet, let me tell you, you have this moment a cauſe of much greater importance before you; a cauſe where not one nation, but all the world, are ſpectators; tried, not before a fallible tribunal, but the awful throne of heaven, where not your temporal and tranſitory intereſts are the ſubject of debate, but your eternal happineſs or miſery, where the cauſe is ſtill undetermined; but, perhaps, the very moment I am ſpeaking may fix the irrevocable decree that ſhall laſt for ever; and yet, notwithſtanding all this, you can hardly ſit with patience to hear the tidings of your own ſalvation; I plead the cauſe of heaven, and yet I am ſcarcely attended to, &c."

It

It may be urged, that the ſtile, the abruptneſs of a beginning like this, in the cloſet would appear abſurd; but in the pulpit it is attended with the moſt laſting impreſſions: that ſtile which, in the cloſet, might juſtly be called flimſy, ſeems the true mode of eloquence here. I never read a fine compoſition, under the title of a ſermon, that I do not think the author has miſcalled his piece; for the talents to be uſed in writing well, entirely differ from thoſe of ſpeaking well. The qualifications for ſpeaking, as has been already obſerved, are eaſily acquired; they are accompliſhments which may be taken up by every candidate who will be at the pains of ſtooping. Impreſſed with a ſenſe of the truths he is about to deliver, a preacher diſregards the applauſe or the contempt of his audience, and he inſenſibly aſſumes a juſt and manly ſincerity. With this talent alone we ſee what crowds are drawn around enthuſiaſts, even deſtitute of common-ſenſe; what numbers converted to Chriſtianity. Folly may ſometimes ſet an example for wiſdom to practiſe, and our regular divines may borrow inſtruction from even methodiſts, who go their circuits, and preach prizes among the populace. Let clergymen do their duty, and the number of theſe people will decreaſe.

Some perhaps will ſay, that, by confining the excellencies of a preacher to proper aſſurance, earneſtneſs, and openneſs of ſtyle, I make the qualifications too trifling for eſtimation: there will be ſomething called oratory brought up on this occaſion; action, attitude, grace, elocution, may be repeated as abſolutely neceſſary to complete the character; but let us not be deceived; common-ſenſe is ſeldom ſwayed by fine tones, muſical periods, juſt attitudes, or the diſplay of a

white handkerchief; oratorial behaviour, except in very able hands indeed, generally ſinks into aukward and paltry affectation.

It is neceſſary to remark, that theſe rules are calculated only for him who would inſtruct the vulgar, who ſtand in moſt need of inſtruction; to addreſs philoſophers, and to obtain the character of a polite preacher among the polite—a much more uſeleſs, though more ſought-for character—requires a different method of proceeding. All I ſhall obſerve on this head is, to entreat the polemic divine, in his controverſy with the Deiſts, to act rather offenſively than to defend; to puſh home the grounds of his belief, and the impracticability of theirs, rather than to ſpend time in ſolving the objections of every opponent. "It is ten to one," ſays a late writer on the art of war, "but that the aſſailant who attacks the enemy in his trenches, is always victorious."

I am clearly of opinion, that upon the whole, our clergy might employ themſelves more to the benefit of ſociety, by declining all controverſy, than by exhibiting even the profoundeſt ſkill in polemic diſputes; their conteſts with each other often turn on ſpeculative trifles; and their diſputes with the Deiſts are almoſt at an end, ſince they can have no more than victory, and that they are already poſſeſſed of, as their antagoniſts have been driven into a confeſſion of the neceſſity of revelation, or an open avowal of atheiſm. To continue the diſpute longer would only endanger it; the ſceptic is ever expert at puzzling a debate which he finds himſelf unable to continue; "and, like an Olympic boxer, generally fights beſt when undermoſt."

New and genuine Anecdotes of Dean Swift.

IT appears by a memorandum in one of the account books which Dean Swift always made up yearly, that his mother died in the year 1710; on each page of this memorandum book, the Dean entered minutely all his receipts and expences in every month, beginning his year from the firſt of November. He obſerved this method all his lifetime to his laſt illneſs. At the foot of that page which includes his expences of the month of May 1710, at the glebe houſe of Laracor, in the county of Meath, where he was then reſident, are theſe remarkable words, which ſhew, at the ſame time, his filial piety, and the religious uſe which he thought it his duty to make of that melancholy event. "Memorandum, On Wedneſday, between ſeven and eight in the evening, May 10, 1710, I received a letter in my chamber at Laracor (M. Percival, and J. Beaumont, being by), from Mrs. F——, dated May 9, with one incloſed ſent by Mrs. Mouall at Leiceſter, to Mrs. F——, giving an account that my dear mother, Mrs. Abigail Swift, died that morning, Monday, April 24, 1710, about ten o'clock, after a long ſickneſs, being ill all winter and lame, and extremely ill about a month or ſix weeks before her death. God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been: If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, juſtice, and charity, ſhe is there. J. S."

The Dean always treated his mother during her life, with the utmoſt duty and affection; and ſhe ſometimes came to Ireland to viſit him after

his ſettlement at Laracor. She lodged at Mr. Brent's, a Printer in George Lane, Dublin. She aſked Mrs. Brent, the landlady, "Whether ſhe could keep a ſecret?" She replied, "She could very well." Upon which ſhe enjoined her not to make the matter public which ſhe was now going to communicate to her. "I have a ſpark in this town, that I carried on a correſpondence with whilſt I was in England; he will be here preſently to pay his addreſſes, for he hath heard by this time of my arrival; but I would not have the matter known." Soon after this a rap was heard at the door, and Dean Swift walked up ſtairs; Mrs. Brent retired, but after a little time ſhe was called, and then Mrs. Swift introduced her to her ſon, and ſaid, "This is my ſpark I was telling you of, this is my lover, and indeed the only one I ſhall ever admit to pay their addreſſes to me." The Doctor ſmiled at his mother's humour, and afterwards paid his duty to her every day, unſuſpected by Mrs. Brent, whom he invited ſome years afterwards to take care of his family affairs, when he became Dean of St. Patrick's; and when Mrs. Brent died, he continued her daughter, a poor widow, in the ſame office.

Dr. Sacheverel, in conſequence of a moſt inflammatory ſermon, preached before the Lord Mayor, on November 5, 1709, was impeached at the bar of the Houſe of Lords, in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, for high crimes and miſdemeanours, &c. Having been tried before the Lords, and found guilty, he was ſilenced for the ſpace of three years, and his ſermon was condemned to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, which ſentence was rigidly executed.

When this affair was over, the miniſtry took very little notice of him, and treated him with great

great indifference; but upon the rectory of St. Andrew's, Holborn, being vacant, the Doctor applied to them for that living, but they paid no regard to his ſolicitation. Upon which he went to Dr. Swift, with whom he had a very ſlender acquaintance, to requeſt his intereſt with the government for that pariſh; and ſet forth how much he had ſuffered for them, and their cauſe. Dr. Swift immediately carried this letter to Lord Bolingbroke, then Secretary of State, who railed much at Sacheverel, calling him a buſy intermeddling fellow, a prig, and an incendiary, who had ſet the kingdom in a flame, which could not be extinguiſhed, and therefore deſerved cenſure inſtead of a reward. To which Swift replied, "True, my Lord, but let me tell you a ſtory. In a ſea-fight in the reign of Charles II. there was a very bloody engagement between the Dutch and the Engliſh fleets; in the heat of which a Scotch ſeaman was very ſeverely bit by a louſe in his neck, which he caught, and ſtooping down to crack it between his nails, many of the ſailors near him had their heads taken off by a chain-ſhot from the enemy, which ſcattered their brains and blood about him. On this he had compaſſion upon the poor louſe, returned him to his place, and bid him live there at diſcretion; for as he had ſaved his life, he was bound in gratitude to ſave his." The recital of this threw my Lord Bolingbroke into a fit of laughter, who when it was over, ſaid, "The louſe ſhall have the living for your ſtory," and ſoon after Sacheverel was preſented to it.

In Dublin, as in other large cities, fires have ſometimes happened, by which people of all denominations have been ſufferers; upon which melancholy occaſion, the Dean always exerted himſelf not only in perſon, by going from houſe to houſe

houſe to make collections for them, but wrote and recommended their melancholy caſes to the public. He would go to the afflicted ſufferers, offer them his ſervices, and would be the firſt to ſubſcribe in a moſt princely and generous manner to their relief, which worthy example of his the benevolent citizens of Dublin would imitate.

His charity appears to have been a ſettled principle of duty, more than an inſtinctive effort of good nature; but as it was then founded and ſupported, it had extraordinary merit, and ſeldom failed to exert itſelf in a manner that contributed moſt to render it beneficial. He did not laviſh his money upon the idle and the worthleſs; he nicely diſcriminated characters, and was ſeldom the dupe of impoſition. Hence his generoſity always turned to an uſeful account, while it relieved diſtreſs it encouraged induſtry, and rewarded virtue.

Nevertheleſs, he was a very peculiar man in every reſpect. Some people have ſaid, "What a man he would have been had he been without thoſe whims and infirmities, which ſhaded both his genius and his character." But perhaps the peculiarities complained of were inſeparable from his genius. The vigour and fertility of the root could not fail now and then of throwing out ſuperfluous ſuckers that produced theſe, produced alſo the more beautiful branches, and the fruit with all its richneſs.

It muſt even be acknowledged, that the Dean's fancy hurried him into great abſurdities and inconſiſtencies, for which nothing could atone but extraordinary talents and virtues diſcovered in other inſtances. The rancour he diſcovered towards the Diſſenters is well known; no ſect or party of men could have merited it in the degree in which he always ſhewed it to them; for in ſome inſtances

ſtances it bordered on downright perſecution. He doubtleſs had his reaſons for expoſing their principles into ridicule, and might perhaps have ſufficient grounds for ſome of his accuſations againſt their principal leaders in Ireland; but nothing could juſtify his virulence againſt the whole body. Indiſcriminate reflections in a community at large, are generally the offspring of ignorance or malice. It is impoſſible to put down his prejudices to the account of the former, and we ſhould be ſorry to impute them to a worſe principle. So great was the Dean's chagrin in the choice which the Corporation of Dublin, had made of a Diſſenter for a phyſician to an hoſpital in that city, that he immediately altered a will in which he had nominated them truſtees to a public charity of his own; this action ſtrongly marked his temper, but he ſhould have conſidered that the Corporation had acted not in a religious, but in a civil capacity, ſo that it was at leaſt poſſible a man might be a very ſkilful phyſician, without being an orthodox churchman.

The Dean's particular averſion to Lord Wharton, is well known and accounted for by a curious anecdote, communicated by the late Dr. Salter.

" Lord Somers, recommended Dr. Swift, at his own earneſt requeſt, to Lord Wharton, when that Earl went as Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, in 1708, but without ſucceſs; and the anſwer his Lordſhip is ſaid to have given, was never forgotten or forgiven by Dr. Swift, but ſeems to have laid the foundation for that particular rancour with which he always mentions Lord Wharton. I ſaw and read (ſays Dr. Salter) two letters of Jonathan Swift, then Prebendary of St. Patrick's, Dublin, to Lord Somers; the firſt earneſtly intreating his favour,

favour, pleading his poverty, and profeſſing the moſt unalterable attachment to his Lordſhip's perſon, friends, and cauſe; the ſecond acknowledging Lord Somers's kindneſs in having recommended him, and concluding with the like ſolemn profeſſions."

"Not more than a year before, Swift deſerted Lord Somers, and all his friends, writing avowedly on the contrary ſide, and (as he boaſts himſelf) libelling all the junto round. I ſaw alſo the very letters which Lord Somers wrote to the Earl of Wharton, in which Swift is very heartily and warmly recommended; and I well remember the ſhort and very ſmart anſwer that Lord Wharton is ſaid to have given, which as I obſerved, Swift never forgave or forgot. It was to this purpoſe: Oh my Lord! *we* muſt not prefer or countenance theſe fellows; we have character enough *ourſelves*."

Dean Swift was likewiſe very angry with Dr. Sharp, Lord Archbiſhop of York, who replied to Queen Anne, when ſhe was conſulting the Doctor about making Swift a biſhop, "I hope your Majeſty will firſt be ſatisfied that Dean Swift is a Chriſtian." It is very certain that this ſpeech ſavoured of extreme aſperity, and it was never forgiven by Swift.

Repeated diſappointments increaſed the natural acrimony of Swift's temper; this gave a ſplenetic tincture to his writings, and amidſt the duties of private and domeſtic life, it too frequently appeared to ſhade the luſtre of his more eminent virtues. A pre-ſentiment which he had long entertained of that wretchedneſs which would inevitably overtake him towards the cloſe of life, by the failure of his intellects, crouded his mind with the moſt melancholy ideas, and tinged every object around

around him. How far his gloomy ſentiments prevailed, we learn from a very remarkable anecdote, preſerved by Dr. Young, in his conjectures upon original compoſition. Mr. Faulkner, in his letter to Lord Cheſterfield, hath given one of a very ſimilar nature, which we will tranſcribe: "One time in a journey from Drogheda to Navan, the Dean rode before the company, made a ſudden ſtop, diſmounted his horſe, fell on his knees, lifted up his hands and prayed in the moſt devout manner. When his friends came up, he deſired and inſiſted on their alighting, which they did, and aſked him the meaning; gentlemen, ſaid he, pray join your hearts in fervent prayers with mine that I may be never like this oak tree, which is decayed and withered at top, whilſt all the other parts are ſound."

The concluding ſcene of his life was truly affecting, and afforded a ſtriking leſſon to check the pride of human genius, and great abilities. Mr. Faulkner gives the following account of it:

"Swift was never very outrageous, but his memory failed him by degrees for ſeveral years together, inſomuch that he forgot all his friends and domeſtics; he could not call any of them by their names, nor for cloaths, food, nor any of the neceſſaries he wanted. In ſhort, his forgetfulneſs grew ſo much upon him, that he could not remember any one paſſage of his life, nor read, nor even tell his letters for near two years before his death. He likewiſe loſt the uſe of his ſpeech, excepting now and then uttering ſome incoherent, rambling words, being incapable of aſking any queſtions, or returning any anſwers; nor could he aſk for one neceſſary of life. During this melancholy ſituation, great care was taken of his perſon and food, as he was incapable of dreſſing, undreſſing,

dreſſing, or helping himſelf to cloaths or victuals; and ſo totally was he deprived of all rational faculties, that he was treated like a new-born infant, being taken out of bed, undreſſed, and put into bed like the youngeſt child; and had the actions of one, being fond of gold and ſilver toys, which he would play with, or put in his mouth. When he was dead, Mr. Whiteway, an eminent ſurgeon, nearly related to him, opened his ſkull, and found much water in the brain."

Thus ended this great man, whoſe writings have made ſo much noiſe in the world!

Eſſay on Liberty and Slavery.

DISGUISE thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill Slavery! ſtill thou art a bitter draught; and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account.—It is thou, Liberty, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, whom all in public, or in private, worſhip; whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till nature herſelf ſhall change—no tint of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron—with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled. Gracious heaven! grant me but health, thou great beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion, and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeem good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aking for them.

Purſuing theſe ideas, I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement; I

was

was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow creatures, born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of ſad groupes in it did but diſtract me——

——I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I ſaw him pale and feveriſh; in thirty years the Weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood——he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice.——His children——

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.——

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed; a little kalendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap.——As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down, ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle—he gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter

into his ſoul—I burſt with tears—I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

The Prudent Wife, a True Story.

IN the libidinous reign of king Charles II. there was a young lady named Iſabella, who was one of the maids of honour to the ducheſs of York, that drew the attention of the whole court upon her; ſhe was the reigning toaſt of that gallant age, and equally admired by the men of pleaſure, and men of wit; with her beauty ſhe was ſtrictly modeſt; with her wit ſhe was prudent and good-natured. Among her numerous train of admirers, none ſeemed ſo agreeable and deſerving her eſteem, as the young viſcount Belmour, who, incapable of any baſe deſigns, even when ſuch deſigns were thought rather an honour than a reflection, gave ſuch aſſurances of his love, that Iſabella eaſily ſurrendered her heart. Iſabella's aunt, who was her guardian, readily conſented to the match, and the nuptials were celebrated with mutual joy. As this was a marriage not made up by treaty, but free choice and inclinations, they did not fall into that modiſh coldneſs and complaiſant indifference people of faſhion are ſoon apt to do. The viſcount was a man of unuſual ſweetneſs and affability of temper, which, when joined to that of Iſabella's, muſt neceſſarily make him happy with his wife; yet this happineſs of temper drew him into ſome misfortunes; his eaſineſs and credulity of the generoſity and openneſs of ſome companions, had like to have leſſened his domeſtic felicity, had not

Iſabella's diſcretion prevented it. My lord had contracted a moſt intimate acquaintance with one Mr. Horneck, a man of a pleaſant converſation, had a pretty knack of telling a ſtory, ſung agreeably, was an arch mimic; and, in ſhort, a humourous companion. Such was his public character; but this was only a maſk to conceal the tricking gameſter, and the deſigning pander. To render himſelf more powerful with men of quality, he made himſelf inſtrumental to their follies or their vices, and was never without ſome new face to engage his acquaintance. Viſcount Belmour was not inclined to any of theſe vices that Horneck was procurer of; yet this wretch had cunning enough to draw him into all: with drinking, his health ſoon began to impair; with loſſes, his temper was often ſoured; with wenching, that fondneſs and cordial love he was uſed to ſhew to his lady, began to ceaſe. Iſabella was not a little alarmed at this conduct; ſhe was too well informed of his vices, yet prudently thought, that any violent oppoſition would but heighten the miſchief; on the contrary, ſhe took care to make home as eaſy to him as poſſible; ſtudious to oblige him, ſhe never diſguſted him with harſh reproaches, or ſatirical reflections on his conduct; neither, though careful to pleaſe him, did ſhe run into an extreme of fondneſs; ſhe was not fond when ſhe thought it would be diſagreeable; for ſhe knew that a wife without diſcretion may make the tendereſt endearments the moſt troubleſome. Iſabella was gay or fond, as ſhe found my lord in the temper to receive either; and without letting him know ſhe had an information of his gaming abroad, would propoſe cards or hazard at home, with ſuch company as ſhe thought would pleaſe

him; and never forgot to include Mr. Horneck among them.

Sometimes her propoſal was accepted, and by that means found out the ſharper, the pander, the flatterer, and the villain, in Mr. Horneck.

Luckily for this diſcreet lady it happened, that, at the ſame time, Florella, a beautiful lady, who had married my lord's brother, was extremely uneaſy by her jealouſy; for, being certainly informed of her huſband's keeping a woman of the town, and, at the ſame time being ruined by ſharpers at gaming, Florella came one day to my lord to complain of his brother's conduct, and falſhood to her bed: ſhe cried, ſhe raved, ſhe threatened to live not a moment longer with him. My lord did what he could to pacify her, but all in vain; my lady ſucceeded better, who taking this opportunity to ſhew my lord his own foibles, thus addreſſed herſelf to her ſiſter: "I fancy, dear ſiſter, ſaid ſhe, you want only a little prudential good humour to reclaim your huſband; beauty and wit will not avail without diſcretion. There is a paſſive kind of virtue neceſſary to ſhew him his follies; it muſt not be done with ill-nature and conſtant reproaches on his conduct, which, I am afraid, is your method. If my lord Belmour, was guilty of the ſame follies, (which I dare affirm he never will) I ſhould myſelf act as I adviſe you. You have beauty enough to pleaſe a huſband; have therefore an equal deſire to do it; be the more ſtudious of his humour, as he is more faulty in his conduct; and let your affability ſhew his injuſtice in wronging you: nor can you think this policy falſe, when the miſtreſſes men viſit, exert all their little arts to pleaſe them, and render their company agreeable; and this for gain only, without honour, without conſcience, and without

without love. Why then ſhould not a virtuous woman ſhew as great a deſire to pleaſe her huſband, as the artful jilts do to pleaſe their gallants. In ſhort, make home entirely eaſy to him, and by endeavouring to fix his felicity, you will fix your own."

Florella was pleaſed with her advice; my lord approved it, and was ſecretly touched to the ſoul, for his tranſgreſſions againſt ſo incomparable a wife, who had acted what ſhe ſpoke, and had more perſonal charms than the woman, his falſe friend had introduced him to. When he had recollected himſelf, he propoſed that his ſiſter ſhould bring her huſband to dinner next day, and that his lady ſhould repeat what ſhe had already ſaid, and he was aſſured it would have an excellent effect. It was agreed, but with this prudent condition of lady Iſabella, that her diſcourſe ſhould be directed to my lord, to take off any ſuſpicion, that her diſcourſe was directed to his brother. The next day they met, and my lord ſaw himſelf diſcreetly attacked by his lady for his real faults, while ſhe ſeemed to take them for imaginary. To what ſhe had ſaid before, ſhe added ſome reflections on the ill choice men of quality make of their acquaintance; among whom are laughing buffoons, who lead them into all the vices of the age, under the falſe pretence of friendſhip; at which words looking at my lord in the moſt tender manner, ſhe concluded, "Theſe, my lord, are wretched friends, who lead you into ſuch evils; on the contrary, the friendſhip between man and wife is cemented by virtue, love, and intereſt; and cannot be diſſolved without deſtroying the happineſs of both. Let not then any falſe friend deceive you to your ruin; I deſire a continuance of your love only ſo long as I endeavour

to deſerve it."——At theſe words my lord, overcome with the ſoft reproach, flung himſelf about her neck, and, amidſt a thouſand kiſſes, promiſed mutual love, and mutual happineſs. Theſe tranſports were followed by the brother and his wife, who owned himſelf a convert to virtue and matrimonial love. Thus, what neither beauty nor wit could effect, prudence did; their lives afterwards were proſperous, and their deaths happy.

On the Advantages of uniting gentleneſs of Manners with firmneſs of Mind.

I Mentioned to you ſometime ago, a ſentence which I would moſt earneſtly wiſh you always to retain in your thoughts, and obſerve in your conduct; it is *ſuaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* I do not know any one rule ſo unexceptionably uſeful, and neceſſary, in every part of life.

The *ſuaviter in modo* alone would degenerate and ſink into a mean, timid complaiſance and paſſiveneſs, if not ſupported and dignified by the *fortiter in re*; which would alſo run into impetuoſity and brutality, if not tempered and ſoftened by the *ſuaviter in modo*; however they are ſeldom united. The warm choleric man, with ſtrong animal ſpirits, deſpiſes the *ſuaviter in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortiter in re.* He may poſſibly by great accident now and then ſucceed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to ſhock, offend, be hated and fail. On the other hand, the cunning crafty man, thinks to gain all his ends by the *ſuaviter in modo* only; he becomes all things to all men; he ſeems to have no opinion of his own,

own, and ſervilely adopts the preſent opinion of the preſent perſon; he inſinuates himſelf only into the eſteem of fools, but is ſoon detected and ſurely deſpiſed by every body elſe. The wiſe man (who differs as much from the cunning, as from the choleric man) alone joins the *ſuaviter in modo*, with the *fortiter in re*.

If you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands delivered *ſuaviter in modo* will be willingly, chearfully, and conſequently well obeyed; whereas if given only *fortiter in re*, that is brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus ſays, be interpreted than executed. For my own part, if I bid my ſervant bring me a glaſs of wine, in a rough inſulting manner, I ſhould expect, that in obeying me, he would contrive to ſpill ſome of it upon me, and I am ſure I ſhould deſerve it. A cool ſteady reſolution ſhould ſhow, that where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but at the ſame time, a gentleneſs in the manner of enforcing that obedience, ſhould make it a chearful one, and ſoften as much as poſſible, the mortifying conſciouſneſs of inferiority. If you are to aſk a favour, or even to ſolicit your due, you muſt do it *ſuaviter in modo*, or you will give thoſe who have a mind to refuſe you either, a pretence to do it, by reſenting the manner; but on the other hand, you muſt by a ſteady perſeverance and decent tenaciouſneſs ſhow the *fortiter in re*. In ſhort this precept is the only way I know of in the world, of being loved without being deſpiſed, and feared without being hated. It conſtitutes the dignity of character, which every wiſe man muſt endeavour to eſtabliſh.

If therefore you find that you have a haſtineſs in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiſcreet ſallies, or rough expreſſions, to either

either your ſuperiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *ſuaviter in modo* to your aſſiſtance; at the firſt impulſe of paſſion be ſilent, till you can be ſoft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance ſo well, that thoſe corrections may not be read in it; a moſt unſpeakable advantage in buſineſs! On the other hand, let no complaiſance, no gentleneſs of temper, no weak deſire of pleaſing on your part, make you recede one jot from any point that reaſon and prudence have bid you preſerve; but return to the charge, perſiſt, perſevere, and you will find moſt things attainable that are poſſible. A yielding timid meekneſs, is always abuſed and inſulted by the unjuſt and the unfeeling; but meekneſs when ſuſtained by the *fortiter in re* is always reſpected, commonly ſucceſsful. In your friendſhips and connections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly uſeful; let your firmneſs and vigour preſerve and invite attachments to you; but at the ſame time, let your manners hinder the enemies of your friends and dependants from becoming yours; let your enemies be diſarmed by the gentleneſs of your manners, but let them feel at the ſame time, the ſteadineſs of your juſt reſentment; for there is great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a reſolute ſelf-defence, which is always prudent and juſtifiable.

I conclude with this obſervation, that gentleneſs of manners, with firmneſs of mind, is a ſhort, but full deſcription of human perfection, on this ſide of religious and moral duties.

Selecti Sentences, worthy the Obſervation of the preſent Age.

A MAN may have a thouſand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend think yourſelf happy. When once you profeſs yourſelf a friend, endeavour to be always ſuch. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Complaiſance, or as Lord Cheſterfield calls it, the *ſuaviter in modo*, renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhews want of breeding. That civility is beſt which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

No man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

None more impatiently ſuffers injuries, than thoſe that are moſt forward in doing them.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that where the injury began on his part, the kindneſs ſhould begin on ours.

We ſhould take a prudent care for the future, but ſo as to enjoy the preſent. It is no part of wiſdom, to be miſerable to day, becauſe we may happen to be ſo to-morrow.

The man who is deſtitute of good ſenſe, is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

The character of the perſon who commends you, is to be conſidered before you ſet a value on his eſteem. The wiſe man applauds him whom he

he thinks moſt virtuous; the reſt of the world him who is moſt wealthy.

A good man will love himſelf too well to loſe, and his neighbours too well to win, an eſtate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the beſt principles in the world.

It is the infirmity of little minds to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that ſparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, becauſe few things appear new to them.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with reſpect, and to pleaſe without adulation; and is equally remote from an inſipid complaiſance, and a low familiarity.

Nobility is to be conſidered only as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be attained. Titles of honour conferred upon ſuch as have no perſonal merit, are at beſt but the royal ſtamp ſet upon baſe metal.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

He that lies in bed all a Summer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day; he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

Fine ſenſe and exalted ſenſe are not half ſo valuable as common ſenſe. There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of ready change.

A man

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but ſaying in other words, that he is wiſer to day than he was yeſterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons or ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that thoſe are the beſt people, whoſe characters have been moſt injured by ſlanderers; as we uſually find that to be the ſweeteſt fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the ſame kind as that which they ſhew for a foot ball; whenever it is conteſted for every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the diſpute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but ſleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbiſh, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much leſs to remove.

Honour is but a fictitious kind of honeſty; a mean, but a neceſſary ſubſtitute for it in ſocieties who have none; it is a ſort of paper credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the ſterling caſh of true morality and religion.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boaſt over modern ones, ſeems owing to ſimplicity. Every noble truth and ſentiment was expreſſed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phraſe

phraſe ſimple, perſpicuous and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticiſm, and conceit?

If to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor mens cottages princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions; I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Deſcription of the Nurſery of a Maiden Lady.

WHEN I went the other day to viſit Mrs. Penelope Doat, after I had been waiting ſome time in the parlour, the ſervant returned with her miſtreſs's compliments, and acquainted me, that ſhe was extremely buſy, and begged to be excuſed coming down to me, but that ſhe ſhould be very happy to ſee me in the nurſery. I was a good deal ſurpriſed at the meſſage, as I knew ſhe was a maiden lady; but I thought proper to follow the ſervant up ſtairs to her miſtreſs, whom I found combing a little white dog that lay in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the ſopha where ſhe ſat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens in the other corner. The whole room, which was a very large one, was a nurſery for all kinds of animals, except thoſe of the human ſpecies. Cages hung all round it, containing parrots, mackaws, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, goldfinches, &c. On the chairs were ſeveral cats repoſing themſelves on ſoft cuſhions; and there were little kennels in the Chineſe taſte in almoſt every

every corner of the room, filled with pugs, fidos, and King Charles's breed.

As ſoon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewing of the cats, which my entrance occaſioned, began to ceaſe, "You find me, Sir, (ſaid the lady) tending my little family, the only joy of my life; here is a dear pretty creature! (holding up the little dog ſhew as combing) a beauty, Sir, a fine long eared ſnub noſed beauty! Lady Faddle advertiſed three quarters of a year, and could not get the fellow to it. Ah, bleſs it and love it, ſweet ſoul!" And then ſhe ſtroked it, and kiſſed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all thoſe inarticulate ſounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addreſſed to dogs, cats, and children, and may very properly be ſtiled the language of the nurſery.

The lady obſerved me ſmile at the embraces ſhe beſtowed on her motley darling, and ſaid, "I am afraid, Sir, you do not love theſe pretty creatures. How can you be ſo cruel? poor dumb things! I would not have them hurt for all the world; nor do I ſee why a lady ſhould not indulge herſelf in having ſuch ſweet little company about her, as well as you men run out eſtates in keeping a pack of filthy hounds." She then laid Pompey on his velvet cuſhion by the fire ſide, and railed at the barbarity of the human ſpecies to the reſt of the creation, and entered into a long diſſertation on tenderneſs and humanity.

A humane diſpoſition is indeed ſo amiable either in man or woman, that it ought always to be cheriſhed and kept alive in our boſoms; but at the ſame time we ſhould be cautious not to render the firſt virtue of our nature ridiculous. The moſt compaſſionate temper may be ſufficiently gratified

by relieving the wretched of our own ſpecies; but who would ever boaſt of their generoſity to a lap-dog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey? Or would any perſon deſerve to be celebrated for their charity, who ſhould deny ſupport to a relation or a friend, becauſe he maintains a litter of kittens? For my own part, before I would treat a Dutch puppy with ſuch abſurd fondneſs, I muſt be brought to worſhip dogs as the Egyptians did of old; and before I would ſo extravagantly doat upon a monkey, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

My female friend is not the only inſtance of this fondneſs for the brute creation being carried to ſuch ridiculous lengths. Many grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulſe of a lap-dog, and inſpect the urine of a ſquirrel, and one lady of my acquaintance, carried the abſurdity ſo far, as to diſcharge her chaplain becauſe he refuſed to bury her monkey; another friend of mine, but of the other ſex, cauſed his favourite dog to be buried in Hyde-Park, his houſekeeper and other ſervants attended, and they had each mourning rings upon the occaſion, with the name and age of the dog enamelled thereon, the enamel was white, becauſe my friend aſſerted that his favourite was a batchelor.

But of all follies, ſurely it is the greateſt to provide for theſe animals by will, which abſurd legacies deſerve as little the title of humanity, as thoſe donors merit the epithet of charitable, who in a death-bed fright ſtarve their relations by leaving their eſtates to found an hoſpital. It is very much to be wiſhed, that money left in truſt for ſuch uſes, were ſubject to ſome ſtatutes of mortmain; or at leaſt, that the gentlemen of the long robe, would contrive ſome ſcheme to cut off

the entail from monkeys, mackaws, Italian grey-hounds, and tabby cats.

It is not ſo ſurpriſing that a ſtage coachman ſhould love his horſes better than his wife or children; or a country eſquire be fond of his hounds and hunters, becauſe the reaſon of this regard for them is eaſily accounted for; upon the ſame principles, a ſea captain has been known to contract an affection for his ſhip; but no coachman would like Caligula, tie his horſes to a golden rack, but thinks he ſhews ſufficient kindneſs by filling them with good wholeſome provender; and the country ſportſman takes care to provide his hounds with a good kennel and horſe-fleſh, but would never dream of placing them on cuſhions before the fire, feeding them with fricaſſees, or breeding them with as much care as the heir to his eſtate.

Amongſt the fair ſex this irregular paſſion is moſt frequently to be found. How often has the ſlighted gallant envied the careſſes given to a lap-dog, or kiſſes beſtowed on a ſquirrel! and "I would I were thy bird!" has been the fond exclamation of many a Romeo. But this affection for birds and beaſts generally wears off after marriage, and the ladies commonly diſcard their four-footed darlings, and feathered favourites, when they can beſtow their endearments on an huſband. On this account, theſe dry nurſes to pugs and grimalkins, are generally to be met with amongſt thoſe females, who have been diſappointed in the affairs of love, and have, againſt their will, retained the flower of their virginity till it has withered in their poſſeſſion. It ſometimes happens, that there is a kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved, and the animal on which they afterwards fixed their affections; and I very well remember an inſtance of a lady's paſſion for

a lawyer being converted into dotage on a parrot, and have an old maiden aunt, who once languiſhed for a beau, whoſe heart is now devoted to a monkey.

After what has been ſaid, it will not appear ſtrange, that a lady ſhould be very ſolicitous to preſerve the breed of her favourite animals; a gentleman in St. James's ſtreet, lately ſent his little Cupid in a ſedan chair as far as Groſvenor-ſquare, to wait upon a lady's Venus for this purpoſe; and I ſhall always remember a card which was ſent to another lady on a like occaſion, expreſſed in the following terms:

Mr. H———k's compliments to lady Betty L———, is glad to hear Miſs Chloe is ſafely delivered, and begs, as a particular favour, that her ladyſhip would be pleaſed to ſet him down for a puppy.

On the Pythagorean Doctrine of the Tranſmigration of Souls.

THE doctrine of tranſmigration, ſuppoſes that human ſouls upon their leaving the body, become the ſouls of ſuch kind of brutes as they moſt reſemble in their manners; or to give an account of it as Mr. Dryden has deſcribed it in his tranſlation of Pythagoras, his ſpeech in the fifteenth book of Ovid, where that philoſopher diſſuades his hearers from eating fleſh:

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,
And here and there the unbody'd ſpirit flies:
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſs'd,
And lodges where it lights, in bird or beaſt,

Or

Or hunts without till ready limbs it find,
And actuates there according to their kind:
From tenement to tenement is toſs'd,
The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the taſte of glutton appetite;
But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rapid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.

Plato in the viſion of Erus the Armenian, records ſome beautiful tranſmigrations; as that the ſoul of Orpheus, who was muſical, melancholy, and a woman-hater, entered into a ſwan; the ſoul of Ajax, which was all wrath and fierceneſs, into a lion; the ſoul of Agamemnon, that was rapacious and imperious into an eagle; and the ſoul of Therſites, who was a mimic and a buffoon, into a monkey.

Mr. Congreve, in a prologue to one of his comedies, has touched upon this doctrine with great humour:

Thus Ariſtotle's ſoul of old that was,
May now be damn'd to animate an aſs;
Or in this very houſe, for ought we know,
Is doing painful pennance in ſome beau.

As we are upon this ſubject, we will annex the following account from the Spectator, ſuppoſed to be written by a monkey to a lady who kept him:

Madam, Not having the gift of ſpeech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myſelf known to you; and having at preſent the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by

me, I gladly take the occaſion of giving you my hiſtory in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth.

You muſt know, Madam, that about a thouſand years ago, I was an Indian Brachman, and verſed in all thoſe myſterious ſecrets which your European philoſopher called Pythagoras, is ſaid to have learned from our fraternity. I had ſo ingratiated myſelf by my great ſkill in the occult ſciences with a dæmon whom I uſed to converſe with, that he promiſed to grant me whatever I ſhould aſk him. I deſired that my ſoul might never paſs into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that into whatever creature I ſhould chance to tranſmigrate, I might ſtill retain my memory, and be conſcious that I was the ſame perſon who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promiſed on the word of a dæmon, that he would grant me what I deſired. From that time forth I lived ſo very unblameably, that I was made preſident of a college of Brachmans, an office which I diſcharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

I was then ſhuffled into another human body, and acted my part ſo well in it, that I became firſt miniſter to a prince who reigned on the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for ſeveral years, but by degrees loſt all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppreſs the people to enrich my ſovereign; till at length I became ſo odious, that my maſter, to recover his credit with his ſubjects, ſhot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addreſſing myſelf to him at the head of his army.

Upon my next remove I found myſelf in the woods, under the ſhape of a jackall, and ſoon liſted

liſted myſelf in the ſervice of a lion. I uſed to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rouſing and ſeeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or a hare, after he had feaſted very plentifully upon it himſelf, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked for my encouragement; but upon my being unſucceſsful in two or three chaces, he gave me ſuch a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

In my next tranſmigration I was again ſet upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expenſive jade of a wife, I ran ſo curſedly in debt, that I durſt not ſhew my head. I could no ſooner ſtep out of my houſe, but I was arreſted by ſome perſon or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the duſk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

My ſoul then entered into a flying fiſh, and in that ſtate led a moſt melancholy life for the ſpace of ſix years. Several fiſhes of prey purſued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myſelf to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidſt a fleet of Engliſh ſhips, I obſerved a huge ſea gull whetting his bill, and hovering juſt over my head; upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monſtrous ſhark that ſwallowed me down in an inſtant.

I was ſome years afterwards, to my great ſurpriſe, an eminent banker in Lombard-ſtreet; and remembering how I had formerly ſuffered for want of money, became ſo very ſordid and avaritious,

tious, that the whole town cried ſhame of me. I was a miſerable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner ſtarved myſelf, and was nothing but ſkin and bone when I died.

I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myſelf dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make ſo inſignificant a figure, and did not know but ſome time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myſelf with great diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notableſt ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at laſt picked up as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-ſparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made depredations upon our commonwealth.

I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole ſummer in the ſhape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two laſt tranſmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received ſo warmly by the ſwarm which defended it, that we were moſt of us left dead upon the ſpot.

I might tell you of many other tranſmigrations which I went through; how I was a town rake, and afterwards did pennance in a bay gelding for ten years; as alſo how I was a taylor, a ſhrimp, and a tom tit. In the laſt of theſe my ſhapes I was ſhot in the Chriſtmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

But I ſhall paſs over theſe and ſeveral other ſtages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about ſix months ſince.

You

You may remember, Madam, how he maſked, and danced, and ſung, and played a thouſand tricks to gain you; and how he was at laſt carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a ſerenade; I was that unfortunate young fellow, whom you were then ſo cruel to. Not long after my ſhifting that unlucky body, I found myſelf in a hill in Ethiopia, where I lived in my preſent groteſque ſhape, till I was caught by a ſervant of the Engliſh factory, and ſent over into Great Britain; I need not inform you how I came into your hands; you ſee, Madam, that this is not the firſt time that you have had me in a chain; I am however very happy in this my captivity, as you often beſtow on me thoſe kiſſes and careſſes which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this diſcovery of my perſon will not tend to my diſadvantage, but that you will ſtill continue your accuſtomed favours to

Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

Pugg.

The Generoſity of a Lord Chancellor.

A Living of five hundred pounds per annum falling in the gift of a late Lord Chancellor; the Premier recommended one of his friends as deſerving it, whom his lordſhip approved of; in the interim, the curate, who had ſerved the late incumbent many years, for thirty pounds per annum, came up with a petition ſigned by many of the inhabitants, teſtifying his good behaviour, and ſetting forth that he had a wife and ſeven children to maintain, and begging his lordſhip would ſtand his friend, that he might be continued

tinued in the curacy; and in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add ten pounds a year he should for ever pray for him. His lordship promised to use his utmost endeavours to serve him. The reverend gentleman for whom the living was designed, soon after going to pay his respects to his lordship; my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him sixty pounds a year instead of thirty. The parson in some confusion replied, that he was very sorry he could not grant his lordship's request, for that he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. How! said his lordship, "have you promised the curacy before you was possessed of the living. Well, to keep your word with your friend, I will give him the curacy, but the living I assure you I will give to another;" and having so said, left him. The next day the poor curate, coming to know his destiny, his lordship told him, that he had used his endeavours to serve him as to the curacy, but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The curate, with a deep sigh, thanked his lordship for his goodness, and was going to withdraw; when my lord calling him back, said with a smile, "Well, my friend, it is true I have it not in my power to give you the curacy, but if you will accept the living, it is at your service." It is not in the power of words to describe the curate's surprize and joy at this sudden turn in his favour, who, with the most moving expressions of gratitude, returned his lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment raised him and his family from the most necessitous condition to ease and affluence: and my lord to complete his generosity, ordered his

his clerks to make out the diploma, without taking their cuſtomary fees.

Anecdote of the late Earl of Roſs.

THE late earl of Roſs, was in character and diſpoſition, like the humorous earl of Rocheſter. He had an infinite fund of wit, great ſpirits; was fond of all the vices which the *beau monde* call pleaſures, and by that means firſt impaired his fortune as much as he poſſibly could; and finally, his health beyond repair.

The poor earl having led this life till it brought him to death's door, the reverend Dean Madden, a man of exemplary piety and virtue, having heard his lordſhip was given over, thought it his duty to write him a very pathetic letter, to remind him of his paſt life; the particulars of which he mentioned, ſuch as whoring, gaming, drinking, rioting, blaſpheming his Maker, and, in ſhort, all manner of wickedneſs, exhorting him in the tendereſt manner, to employ the few moments that yet remained to him, in penitently confeſſing his manifold tranſgreſſions, and ſoliciting his pardon from an offended Deity, before whom he was ſhortly to appear.

It is proper to acquaint the reader, that the late earl of Kildare, was one of the moſt pious noblemen of the age, and, in every reſpect, a contraſt in character to lord Roſs. When the latter, who retained his ſenſes to the laſt moment, and died rather for want of breath, than want of ſpirits, read over the Dean's letter, (which came to him under cover) he ordered it to be put in another paper, ſealed up, and directed to the earl of

of Kildare; he likewiſe prevailed on the Dean's ſervant to carry it, and to ſay it came from his maſter, which he was encouraged to do by a couple of guineas, and his knowing nothing of the contents. Lord Kildare, was an effeminate, puny, little man, extremely formal and delicate, inſomuch that, when he was married to lady Mary O'Brien, one of the moſt ſhining beauties then in the world, he would not take his wedding gloves off when he went to bed. From this ſingle inſtance, it may be judged with what ſurpriſe and indignation he read over the Dean's letter, containing ſo many accuſations for crimes he knew himſelf entirely innocent of. He firſt ran to his lady, and informed her that Dean Madden was actually mad; to prove which, he delivered her the epiſtle he had juſt received. Her ladyſhip was as much confounded and amazed at it, as he could poſſibly be, but withal obſerved, that the letter was not written in the ſtile of a madman, and adviſed him to go to the archbiſhop of Dublin about it; accordingly his lordſhip ordered his coach, and went to the epiſcopal palace, where he found his grace at home, and immediately accoſted him in this manner: "Pray, my lord, did you ever hear that I was a blaſphemer, a whoremonger, a rioter, and every thing that is baſe and infamous." "You, my lord, ſaid the biſhop, every one knows you are the pattern of humility, godlineſs, and virtue." "Well, my lord, what ſatisfaction can I have of a reverend divine, who, under his own hand, lays all this to my charge." "Surely, anſwered his grace, no man in his ſenſes, that knows your lordſhip, would preſume to do it. And if any clergyman has been guilty of ſuch an offence, your lordſhip will have ſatisfaction from the ſpiritual court." Upon this lord Kildare delivered

livered to his grace the letter, which he told him was delivered by the Dean's ſervant, and which both the archbiſhop and the earl knew to be the Dean's own hand writing. The archbiſhop immediately ſent for the Dean, who, happening to be at home, inſtantly obeyed the ſummons; before he entered the room, he adviſed lord Kildare to walk into another apartment, which his lordſhip accordingly did. When the Dean entered, his grace looking very ſternly, and demanded if he had written that letter; the Dean anſwered, "I did my lord." "Mr. Dean, returned the prelate, I always thought you a man of ſenſe and prudence, but this unguarded action muſt leſſen you in the eſteem of all good men. To throw out ſo many cauſeleſs invectives againſt the moſt unblemiſhed nobleman in Europe, and accuſe him of crimes to which he and his family have ever been ſtrangers, muſt certainly be the effect of a diſtempered brain; beſides, Sir, you have by this means, laid yourſelf open to a proſecution, which will oblige you either publicly to retract what you have ſaid, or to ſuffer the conſequence." "My lord, anſwered the Dean, I never think, act, or write any thing, for which I am afraid to be called to an account, before any tribunal upon earth; and, if I am to be proſecuted for diſcharging the duties of my function, I will ſuffer patiently the ſevereſt penalties in juſtification of it." And, ſo ſaying, the Dean retired with ſome emotion, and left the two noblemen as much in the dark as ever. Lord Kildare went home, and ſent for a proctor, to whom he communicated the Dean's letter, and dered a citation to be ſent to him as ſoon as poſſible; in the mean time, the archbiſhop, who knew the Dean had a family to provide for, and foreſaw that ruin muſt attend his entering into a

ſuit with ſo powerful a perſon, went to his houſe, and recommended to him, to aſk my lord's pardon before the matter became public; "aſk his pardon! ſaid the Dean, why, the man's dead." "Lord Kildare dead!" "No, lord Roſs." "Good God! ſaid the archbiſhop, did you not ſend a letter yeſterday to lord Kildare? "No, truly, my lord, but I ſent one to the unhappy earl of Roſs, who was then given over, and I thought it my duty to write to him in the manner I did." Upon examining the ſervant, the whole was rectified, and the Dean ſaw with great regret, that lord Roſs died as he had lived; nor did he continue in this life above four hours, after he ſent off the letter. The footman loſt his place by the jeſt, and was, indeed, the only ſufferer for my lord's laſt piece of humour.

The Convocation of Old Maids, or the Reſolutions of the Female Parliament at Carliſle-Houſe. Written and ſigned by Patty Pos.

PATTY addreſſes herſelf to the preſident, who it ſeems is a gentleman, and ſays, "You know, Sir, that you men have had all the rule and authority in your own hands; you have taken upon you to be judges in your own diſputes, and have impoſed a rigid cuſtom on us, not to ſpeak till we are ſpoken to, under the penalty of forfeiting our modeſty and reputation; but have indulged yourſelves, good ſouls! with the liberty of never ſpeaking at all; and if we are ſo unfortunate as never to be aſked the queſtion, or to refuſe the only deformed wretch who perchance opens his mouth, it is ſuch an evidence of our guilt, that

we are branded with infamy for being old maids, and doomed to ſcorn and contempt here, and apes and devils hereafter.

" Our caſe is very hard, for is it not enough that we, who are arrant fleſh and blood, are obliged to diſſemble our paſſions, ſeem what we are not, and ſpeak what we do not think; that we muſt appear all ice, when at leaſt we may have ſome flame; and when the man of our heart aſks our love, we muſt turn aſide, bluſh, bridle, look ſilly, and cry—no—; leſt by a too ready compliance we ſhould ſeem to break a ridiculous cuſtom, or ſpoil the ſpark's ſqueamiſh appetite. Is it not enough that we muſt ſtarve our paſſions, and loſe our youth and beauty; that we muſt live hopeleſs, and die childleſs, unleſs you, good gentlemen, ſhould graciouſly condeſcend to aſk us to become wives? Is it not enough that we muſt bear the rivalſhip of ſteam in wine, and nauſeous tobacco, and ſee your ſex laviſh their time, money, and health, in the purſuit of proſtitutes, the ſcandal of our ſex? Are not theſe enough, but we muſt be expoſed to infamy, for being what your neglect alone has made us againſt our wills, againſt our conſciences too?—Oh! more than Egyptian taſk maſters, either give us materials to make our bricks, or puniſh us not for being idle.

" The times are now altered, for though our ſex might formerly have trembled to make oppoſition to your lordly wills, the preſent age is grown wiſer; and therefore I ſhall not value any reflections you make on my freedom of ſpeech, thinking myſelf no longer bound by ſilly cuſtoms impoſed by tyrants; but henceforth ſhall ſpeak as I think, according to real nature, truth, and reaſon; and not as you have been pleaſed to paint them.

" This determination is not made by myſelf alone; the inſults and ill uſage of your ſex, have, for ſome time, formed numerous parties of old maids, who, at firſt, only preſumed tenderly to complain of their hardſhips, and barely vindicate themſelves from your unjuſt cenſures; but as now our numbers are increaſed, many parties which were uſed to meet in different aſſemblies, have now united themſelves in a regular manner, and are become a very formidable ſociety, under the title of *The Convocation of old Maids, or Female Parliament.*

" Though after the manner of the clerical parliament, we might have divided ourſelves into two houſes, yet we choſe to have one aſſembly only, for fear of the diſtinction of being a member of the upper and the lower houſe, might create jealouſies and animoſities about precedency, and render our whole political ſcheme abortive. Beſides, in reality, we are only the repreſentatives of the inferior order of old maids; for our preliminary articles were, that none could be admitted, as yet, whoſe fortunes exceeded 1000 l. down, all above that being moſt concerned in intereſt; that none under thirty-five be admitted to have a vote, nor under thirty to have any office or place within or without doors, as attendants on this honourable houſe. Theſe preliminaries being fixed by the commiſſioneresſes appointed, our general meeting was held, and what were our ſeveral proceedings and reſolutions is my duty to tranſmit to you; and your duty, by the nature of your office, to publiſh to the world.

" You may imagine, that our firſt meeting was much confuſed, as there were no antient ſtanding orders to regulate ourſelves by; all were full of complaints, ſome were merry, ſome ſad,

ſome

ſome rallied, ſome bewailed, more inveighed againſt the preſent ſtate of affairs; but all, *nem. con.* concluded it high time to put an end to our misfortunes; many pretty ſpeeches were loſt for want of being heard; many pretty faces disfigured for want of temper. I know not what would have been the conſequence, had not I exerted the whole ſtrength of my lungs, and, by the dint of vociferation, been heard above them all. Though I was heard, yet, for ſome time, it was but indiſtinctly, till a good lady ſeconded me with hear her, hear her.——Hear her, hear her, was the unanimous voice of the whole aſſembly; then, after a little pauſe of ſilence, I moved that every one might take her ſeat; but this motion had not its deſired effect; a precedence for places, and a ſeat at the upper end of the room ſeemed to be univerſally aimed at. To prevent this inconvenience, a ſage lady obſerved to them, that in this aſſembly reſpect and precedency were only due to ſeniority. This ſpeech occaſioned quite an oppoſite difficulty; for now the whole ſtream of the crowd run to the lower end of the room to be thought youngeſt; nay, a deſire of youth ſeemed by far a ſtronger paſſion than that of honour; and we were reduced to a ſad dilemma. But, with a happy preſence of mind, and a patriot ambition, I myſelf, though but in my ſeventy-third year, walked up to the deſerted place, and there, in a pathetic ſpeech, ſet forth the miſery of private views when the public good was in queſtion; and deſired they would all concur in a vote, that there ſhould be no diſtinction, but all ſit at a round table. If they might hereafter think proper for precedence to be inſiſted on, that the ſeveral regiſters might be ſearched, the true ages known, and the degrees accordingly adjuſted.

"Whether the fear of having their ages divulged, or (what I rather hope) a public ſpirit for the public good, affected them, but they all immediately, without diſtinction, ſeated themſelves; and, on the motion of the lady who before ſeconded me, they voted *nem. con.* that Miſs Patty Pos ſhould take the chair in the place where ſhe now ſtands, and be the prolocutreſs of this houſe. The chair was carried, and I took my place accordingly."

Ordered, That this honourable houſe, being fatigued with debates, and adjuſting its rules, ſhall adjourn themſelves till to-morrow evening ſix o'clock.

Adjourned accordingly; and being met at the time,

Reſolved, That chaſtity is a virtue; virginity no diſgrace to a woman of any age, unleſs it can be proved ſhe has refuſed an agreeable and ſuitable match, ſince her age of diſcretion, and capacity of judging for herſelf.

Reſolved, That all uſages and cuſtoms, contradictory to the prior reſolution, are immoral and ridiculous.

Reſolved, That too great a number of unmarried women has ever been judged ill policy, and is contradictory to the natural ends of ſociety; whereas marriage has ever been encouraged by all wiſe nations.

Reſolved, A petition from ſeveral diſtreſſed maidens, who, in every county of the three kingdoms, labour under great calamities, ſetting forth, that the petitioners are now of the age of twenty-five, and ſo on to twenty-nine incluſive; that they have never in their lives been aſked the queſtion, are

are now in terrible apprehenſions that they will come under the denomination of old maids, and die without huſbands, which they own is againſt their conſciences; therefore they humbly pray the aſſiſtance of this honourable and reverend houſe to take their caſe under conſideration, and to find out ſuch remedies as they in their great judgment ſhall think fit.

Ordered, That a committee be appointed to conſider the merits of the above petition, and have a liberty to ſend for papers, letters, perſons, records, and pariſh regiſters.

Ordered, That Mrs. Deborah Single, Dame Mary Longfort, Dame Suſanna Marrywood, Lady Betty Youthlove, and Miſs Urſula Feeble, be of the ſaid committee.

Reſolved, That the preſent number of maids in Great Britain is a national grievance; and that it will be the utter ruin and depopulation of theſe kingdoms.

Reſolved, That a day be appointed to enquire into the grounds and reaſons of the prodigious number of old maids in this iſland.

Reſolved, That in a committee of the whole houſe, the ſaid enquiry be made on Tueſday next, and that till then the convocation ſhall ſtand adjourned.

By virtue of an order of the convocation of old maids, or female parliament, I do appoint Mr. Alexander Hogg, of Paternoſter-Row, and him only, to print theſe votes.

Patty Pos, Prolocutreſs.

An uſeful Eſſay on Laughter.

THE famous Mr. Hobb's, in his diſcourſe upon Human Nature, after making curious obſervations upon laughter, concludes thus: "The paſſion of laughter is nothing elſe but ſudden glory ariſing from ſome ſudden conception of ſome eminency in ourſelves, by compariſon with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themſelves paſt, when they come ſuddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any preſent diſhonour."

According to this Author therefore, when we hear a man laugh exceſſively, inſtead of ſaying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed if we look into the bottom of the matter, we ſhall meet with many obſervations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at ſome body that is in an inferior ſtate of folly to himſelf. It was formerly the cuſtom for every great houſe in England, to keep a tame fool dreſſed in petticoats, that the heirs of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him and diverting himſelf with his abſurdities. For the ſame reaſon ideots are ſtill in requeſt in moſt of the courts of Germany, where there is not a Prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dreſſed, diſtinguiſhed, undiſputed fools in his retinue, whom the reſt of his courtiers are always breaking their jeſts upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their induſtry and application, than for wit and humour, hang up in ſeveral of their ſtreets what they call

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the ſign of the gaper, that is the head of an ideot dreſſed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a moſt immoderate manner; this is a ſtanding jeſt in Amſterdam.

Thus every one diverts himſelf with ſome perſon or other that is below him in point of underſtanding, and triumphs in the ſuperiority of his genius, whilſt he has ſuch objects of deriſion before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expreſſed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a tranſlation of a ſatire in Monſieur Boileau.

Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Mr. Hobb's reflection gives us the reaſon why the inſignificant people above mentioned, are ſtirrers up of laughter amongſt men of a groſs taſte; but as the more underſtanding part of mankind, do not find their riſibility affected by ſuch ordinary objects, it may be worth our while to examine into the ſeveral provocatives of laughter in men of ſuperior ſenſe and knowledge.

In the firſt place, there is a ſet of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and ſeem to love ſo well that they could eat them, according to the old proverb; I mean thoſe circumferaneous wits, whom every nation calls by the name of that diſh of meat which it loves beſt. In Holland, they are termed Pickle Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Maccaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. Theſe merry wags from whatſoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit ſuch blunders and miſtakes in every ſtep they take,

take, and every word they utter, as thoſe who liſten to them would be aſhamed of.

But this little triumph of the underſtanding under the diſguiſe of laughter, is no where more viſible than in that cuſtom which prevails every where amongſt us on the firſt day of April, when every body takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies diſcovered, ſo there is more laughter raiſed on this than on any other day in the whole year.

Thus we ſee in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chuſes his food out of a lower or higher claſs of mankind, or to ſpeak in a more philoſophical language, that ſecret elation and pride of heart which is generally called laughter, ariſes in him from comparing himſelf with an object below him, whether it ſo happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. When a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying ſome oddneſs or infirmity in his own character, or in the repreſentation which he makes of others.

A new and remarkable Hiſtory of Fayette and Graſſe.

MANY people who have travelled, may remember to have ſeen Fayette and Graſſe at ſchool, in the town of Iſſoir, in Auvergne, which place is celebrated over the whole world for its college, and its kettles. Fayette was the ſon of a horſe dealer of high renown, and Graſſe derived his birth from an able huſbandman, who with the help of four horſes, cultivated a neighbouring farm,

farm, and when he had paid the poll tax, the ſubſidy, the exciſe, the ſalt tax, the poundage, the capitation, and the twentieth penny, we cannot ſuppoſe he was overburthened with riches.

Fayette and Graſſe were comely well looking lads for Auvergneſe, and contracted a great intimacy and friendſhip for each other; they had their little ſchemes and *tete a tetes* by themſelves, upon which they reflected with great pleaſure when they were together in other company.

The time of their ſtay at ſchool was nearly expired, when a taylor brought Fayette a ſuit of figured velvet, and a rich waiſtcoat, made up in a very good taſte, with a letter addreſſed to Monſ. de la Fayette. Graſſe admired the cloaths without envy, but Fayette aſſumed an air of ſuperiority which very much grieved Graſſe. From this time Fayette forſook his learning, and employed his time almoſt wholly in the looking-glaſs, which added to the contempt with which he treated his ſuppoſed inferiors, made him very diſagreeable.

A ſhort time after this elevation of our gentleman, a valet de chambre came poſt with another letter, directed to Monſieur the Marquis de la Fayette, which contained an order from Monſieur his father, for his coming to Paris. This Fayette inſtantly obeyed, and as he got into the chaiſe, took Graſſe by the hand, and gave him a ſmile of protection with as much of the conſequential air as could be expected; Graſſe, touched with a humiliating ſenſe of his own inferiority, melted into tears, and Fayette drove away in all the glory of his new dignity.

But as our readers will naturally enquire how Fayette came by this dignity, it is neceſſary to inform them, that the father had ſuddenly acquired an immenſe fortune; Monſ. Fayette, was a handſome

ſome man, and Madam was not without her charms. When ſhe was ſtill in her bloom, they were brought to Paris by a law ſuit, which totally ruined them; but fortune who delights in the capricious exaltation and debaſement of mankind, juſt then threw them in the way of a Commiſſary, who had contracted to furniſh the military hoſpitals during the war; the Commiſſary was a man of great talents, and could boaſt of having killed more ſoldiers in one year than gunpowder had killed in ten; the Commiſſary's wife was ſmitten with Fayette, and the Commiſſary himſelf was ſmitten with Fayette's wife. Fayette ſoon came in for a ſhare of the contract, and undertook other buſineſs on his own account.

When a man once gets into the middle of the ſtream, the tide itſelf will carry him along; this is verified in the inſtance of Commiſſaries and Contractors, who get immenſe ſums very frequently with little or no trouble; ſuch was the proſperous fortune of Fayette, the father, who became immediately Monſ. de la Fayette, and ſoon after having bought a Marquiſate, which at once ennobled him and his children, he ſent for the Marquis his ſon from ſchool, that he might place him among the *beau monde* at Paris.

Graſſe, who ſtill remembered his old ſchool fellow with a tender ſenſibility, wrote him a few lines to congratulate him; the new Marquis ſent him no anſwer, and Graſſe was indiſpoſed on account of this neglect.

The father and the mother of Fayette, procured a tutor for their ſon, who was a man of genteel appearance, but knew nothing, and conſequently could not teach him any thing. The father was deſirous the ſon ſhould learn latin, but the mother oppoſed it; after much debate it was agreed that the

the queſtion ſhould be referred to an author, who was celebrated for many agreeable performances. He was therefore invited to dinner, and the maſter of the houſe began by ſaying, "Sir, as you are a latin ſcholar, and a man of the world"——"I a latin ſcholar!" ſaid the belle eſprit, "I do not know one word of the language, and ſo much the better for me; thoſe people certainly ſpeak their own language beſt, whoſe attention is not divided between that and others. Conſider only the ladies, how much more pleaſing is their wit than ours! their letters are written with infinitely more elegance, and this ſuperiority is certainly owing to their not having learned latin."

"Very well, (ſays Madam) am I not then in the right? I would have my ſon a man of wit, I would have him make a figure in the world, and you ſee plainly if he learns latin, he will be undone; are operas and plays, I would fain know, performed in latin? Do lawyers ſpeak latin at the bar? or do young gentlemen make love in latin?"

Monſ. de la Fayette, being wholly unable to reſiſt this amazing force of argument, immediately paſſed ſentence, and it was concluded that the young Marquis ſhould not loſe his time in getting acquainted with Cicero, Horace, Juvenal or Virgil.

"But then ſaid the father, what ſhall he learn? for certainly it is neceſſary that he ſhould learn ſomething. May he not be taught a little geography?"——"Of what ſervice will that be, ſays the tutor? When the Marquis ſhall think proper to viſit his eſtates, do you think the poſtilions will not know the road? Take my word for it, there is no danger of their loſing their way. A man of faſhion can travel very well without a

quadrant, and go with great conveniency from Paris to Auvergne, without knowing what latitude he is in."

"You are certainly right, says the father, but I have heard something of a fine science which I think they call astronomy."—It is a pity, says the tutor, you ever heard of it at all; what occasion is there for people in this world to regulate their motions by the stars? Is it fit that the young Marquis should be fatigued to death by the calculation of an eclipse, when he may find the time exactly by consulting an almanack, which will also acquaint him with all the moveable feasts, the age of the moon, and of all the sovereign princes in Europe."

Madam entirely agreed with the tutor in this particular; the young Marquis his son was overjoyed, and the father was in suspence.—"What then, said he, must my son learn?"—To be amiable," replied the friend they had consulted, "if he knows the art of pleasing, he knows all that is worthy to be known, and this art he cannot fail of learning under his mother's eye, though neither she nor you should give yourselves the least trouble about it."

Madam was so delighted with this compliment that she embraced the pleasing dunce who paid it: "Ah! Sir, said she, it is easy to discover that you are wiser than all the world besides; my son will be wholly indebted to you for his education; but perhaps, after all, it would not be amiss for him to learn a little history."——"Alas, Madam, replied the oracle, what good can that do him? certainly no history is either useful or pleasing but that of the day. All ancient histories, as one of our belle esprits has very justly observed, are nothing more than fables artfully put together;

and as for modern hiſtories, they are a chaos which it is impoſſible to reduce to order. Of what importance is it to your ſon that Charlemagne inſtituted the twelve peers of France? and that his ſon had an impediment in his ſpeech?"

"There never was a more true obſervation, cried the tutor; the young mind is often buried under a load of uſeleſs learning, by which its native powers are firſt reſtrained, and then deſtroyed; but of all that is abſurd among what are called the ſciences, the moſt abſurd is geometry. The objects of geometry, are ſurfaces, lines, and points, which have no exiſtence in nature; and a hundred curve lines are fancied between a circle and a ſtraight line that touches it, though in reality there is not room for a ſtraw. In ſhort, geometry is no better than a dull joke."

The father and mother ſcarcely underſtood one word of this ingenious argument againſt geometry, which notwithſtanding made a great impreſſion upon them, and they declared themſelves entirely of the tutor's mind.

"A great lord (continued he) like Monſieur the Marquis, ought not to puzzle his brains with vain ſpeculations. If he ſhould ever have occaſion for the moſt ſublime part of this ſcience to lay down a plan of his eſtates, he may have them ſurveyed for his money; if he would trace his nobility back to the remoteſt ages, he may without difficulty find a Benedictine monk that will do it; the ſame may be ſaid of all the arts; a young lord of illuſtrious birth, is neither a painter, a muſician, an architect, nor a ſtatuary; but he makes all thoſe arts flouriſh by his munificence; and it is certainly better to patroniſe than practiſe them. It is enough for the Marquis to have taſte; it is the duty of artiſts to exert their ſkill for his plea-

ſure and advantage, and it is therefore well ſaid, that perſons of quality, I mean thoſe who are very rich, know all things without learning any; their taſte enables them to judge of every thing which they command and for which they pay."

The maſter of the art of pleaſing then interpoſed: "You have obſerved, Madam, ſaid he, that the great purpoſe of life is to ſucceed in the world, but will any man pretend that this purpoſe can be anſwered by the ſciences? Who is there that would think of mentioning geometry in good company? Would any perſon aſk a gentleman, what ſtar roſe in a morning with the ſun; or enquire at our entertainment, whether Clovis the hairy paſſed the Rhine?" "Certainly not, replied the Marchioneſs, (whoſe charms had given her ſome introduction to the *beau monde*) and it is by no means proper that the Marquis, my ſon, ſhould cramp his genius by the ſtudy of all this trumpery; but at laſt what ſhall we teach him, for certainly as his father has obſerved, a young gentleman ought to be qualified to ſhine upon occaſion. I remember to have heard an Abbe ſay, that there was one ſcience extremely agreeable and genteel; I cannot recollect the name of it, but it begins with a B."—"With a B. Madam, ſaid the genius, it could not be botany;" "No, replied Madam, it was not botany, yet it ended ſomething like that too."—"Oh, I know what it was, ſaid he, it was blazonry; but I aſſure you it is by no means the mode at preſent; it has been wholly laid aſide ever ſince painting coats of arms upon coaches went out of faſhion; it was to be ſure at that time the moſt uſeful knowledge in the world, but the caſe is altered now; beſides at preſent the ſtudy of heraldry would be infinite, for there is not a barber that has not his coat of arms,

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and when a thing becomes common, you know people of faſhion ſhould diſregard it."——Upon the whole, this ſagacious and illuſtrious ſociety, having fairly diſcuſſed the ſciences, it was at laſt determined that Monſieur the Marquis de la Fayette, ſhould learn to dance.

Nature, however, who indeed does every thing, had given this flower of nobility a talent which very ſoon diſplayed itſelf with aſtoniſhing ſucceſs. This happy talent was that of ſinging a good ſong; the graces of youth, joined to this ſuperior endowment, drew every one's eyes upon him as a young gentleman of great expectation; he was a very great favourite among the ladies, and having his head full of ſongs, he could eaſily form new out of the old by a different combination of the phraſes and figures that he was continually repeating; but as his verſes had a foot too little or too much, he got them corrected at the rate of twenty louis d'ors, a ſong, and he at laſt got into the annals of literature, and was claſſed with the La Fairs, the Chaulieus, the Hamiltons, the Sarrazines, and the Voitures of the time.

The Marchioneſs then conſidered herſelf as the mother of wit, and gave ſuppers to the wits of the town; the young man's head was turned; he acquired the art of ſpeaking without knowing what he would ſay, and became perfect by habit in being fit for nothing.

When his father found him thus amazingly eloquent, he very much regretted that he had not taught him latin, as he then might have bought him a conſiderable place in the law. His mother, who looked ſtill higher, undertook to get him a regiment, and in the mean time the young gentleman himſelf thought proper to make love.

As love is rather an expenſive article, ſo it coſt our hero more than a regiment; his expences were very great, and his parents ran out their fortunes very faſt by living like people of the firſt quality.

But as the ſtate of their finances was known only to themſelves, a young widow of great rank, but of middling circumſtances, in the neighbourhood, ſuppoſing them to be very rich, reſolved to ſecure their fortune to herſelf by making the young Marquis her huſband.

She accordingly threw out a lure that brought him to her houſe; ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be loved, and convinced him that he was not indifferent to her; ſhe led him on by degrees; he was at length altogether faſcinated by her wiles and her charms, ſo that her conqueſt was complete; at the ſame time ſhe gave him ſo many commendations, and ſo much good advice, that the father and mother conſidered her as the beſt friend they had in the world.

An old lady in the neighbourhood propoſed the marriage on the part of the widow, and the Marquis and Marchioneſs de la Fayette, dazzled with the ſplendor of ſuch an alliance, accepted the propoſition with joy. They gave their only ſon to their deareſt friend, the youth was on the point of marrying a lady whom he adored, and who returned his paſſion; he received the congratulations of his friends, the marriage articles were drawing up, and the wedding cloaths and verſes were making.

He was kneeling one morning at the feet of the dear angel, whom love, eſteem, and friendſhip, were ſoon to make his own for ever; they were enjoying, in a converſation that touched every ſtring of tenderneſs and ſenſibility, a foretaſte of their approaching felicity, and laying out a ſcheme

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of life in which one delight ſhould perpetually ſucceed another, when a ſervant of the Marchioneſs his mother, arrived in great haſte, and with looks as wild as if he had ſeen an apparition. "I am come, ſaid he, with news very different from what you think of; the ſheriff's officers are in poſſeſſion of my lord's houſe, they have ſeized all the goods already, they talk of ſecuring his perſon, and as I have not a moment to loſe, I am going to ſecure my wages."

"Do not be in ſuch a violent hurry, ſaid the Marquis, let us ſee a little what this affair is." "Do, ſays the widow, run this inſtant and puniſh the wretches for their inſolence."

The Marquis went home directly, and found that his father was already taken to priſon, and that all the ſervants were gone off, each having carried away what he could lay his hands upon. He found his mother totally deſerted, without ſuccours, and without comfort, ſitting on the floor, and drowned in tears, with nothing left but the remembrance of her fortune and her beauty, her follies and her faults.

After her ſon had wept with her till the tumult of his mind a little ſubſided, and he was able to ſpeak, he endeavoured to alleviate her diſtreſs by a reflection that had ſoothed his own, "do not let us deſpair, ſaid he, the widow whom I was about to marry, is yet more generous than rich; I will anſwer for all that is in her power; I will fly to her this moment and bring her hither."

He returned to his miſtreſs with great precipitancy, and found her *tete a tete* with a handſome young officer of the army. "What is it you, Monſieur de la Fayette, ſaid ſhe, what in the name of wonder have you to do here? how could you think of leaving your poor mother? go back

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to her for heaven's ſake, and tell her how ſorry I am for her misfortune; I always wiſhed her well; and upon my word as my woman is going away, I will not think of another till I have given her the refuſal of the place."——"My good lad, ſaid the officer, you ſeem to be well made, and if you will enter into my corps, I will liſt you upon good terms."

The Marquis was ſtruck ſpeechleſs with rage and indignation, and burſting away without reply, he went directly to his old tutor, to pour his ſorrows into his boſom, and derive comfort from his advice. This gentleman propoſed that he ſhould undertake the education of children. "Alas, ſaid the Marquis, I know nothing, you have taught me nothing, and that indeed has been the cauſe of all my misfortunes." "Write novels, ſays a belle eſprit who was then preſent; it is now an excellent expedient to get money at Paris."

The young man now ſunk deeper in deſpair than ever, went as his laſt reſource, to a monk of great reputation, who had been his mother's confeſſor, and who attended nobody in that capacity but people of rank and condition. The monk, as ſoon as he ſaw him, ran towards him in a rapture of ſurpriſe and joy, and cried out, "My God! Monſieur le Marquis, what do you do here a foot! For heaven's ſake where is your coach, and how does the worthy lady Marchioneſs your mother!" The unhappy youth replied by giving him an account of the ruin of his family; as he advanced in his narrative, the monk's countenance became gradually more grave, more indifferent, and more important. "My ſon, ſaid he, we may now ſee plainly what God intended for you; riches ſerve only to corrupt the heart; God has therefore been graciouſly pleaſed to reduce your mother to beg-

gary;

gary; yes, Sir, and a very merciful diſpenſation it is, for it will certainly enſure the ſalvation of her ſoul." The Marquis replied, "but father, while we are waiting for that event in the next world, is there no means of obtaining ſome aſſiſtance in this?"—"My ſon, ſaid the monk, God be with you, adieu! there is a lady of great faſhion waiting for me at court."

The poor Marquis, who was very near fainting away at this treatment of the monk, was treated in nearly the ſame manner by the whole circle of his acquaintance, and gained more knowledge of the world in half a day than he had done in all the reſt of his life.

As he ſtood ruminating in the ſtreet, almoſt ſtupified by his misfortunes, a kind of covered tumbril, with leather curtains, came rumbling along, followed by four carts all heavily laden. In this vehicle ſat a young man, cleanly but not coarſely clad, with a ruddy ſun burnt countenance, that expreſſed at once the higheſt happineſs and good humour. A young, healthy, comely freſh coloured girl, that ſeemed to be his wife, ſat jolting by his ſide, for the carriage did not move like the court chariot of a petit maitre. The maſter as he drove on had time to contemplate the Marquis, who ſtood torpid in ſuſpenſe, motionleſs, and with his eyes fixed upon the ground. "Bleſs my ſoul, ſaid he, when he came almoſt up to him, ſurely this is not Fayette!" At this name the Marquis ſtarted as from a dream, and looked up, and the driver inſtantly ſtopped his cart. "Yes, by my faith, ſaid he, it is Fayette himſelf;" and with that he made but one leap to the ground, and caught him in his arms; Fayette at once recollected his old ſchool-fellow Graſſe, and his face was inſtantly covered with confuſion

and

and tears. "You have forſaken me, ſaid Colin, but you may be as great a lord as you will, I am determined to love you for all that." Fayette whoſe tenderneſs and confuſion increaſed every moment, told him in a few words a part of his hiſtory. "Come along, ſaid Graſſe, you ſhall go home with me to the inn where I put up, and tell the reſt at your leiſure; ſalute my little wife, this is ſhe, and let us make haſte to dinner."

Graſſe and his wife, and the Marquis, thus proceeded on foot following the baggage. "Pray, ſaid Fayette, what is all this, does it belong to you." "Yes, ſaid Graſſe, the whole belongs to me and my wife, we are juſt come out of the country; I am at the head of a good manufacture of braſs and tin; I married the daughter of a man who had acquired very conſiderable ſubſtance by making and ſelling a commodity that is equally neceſſary to rich and poor; we work very hard, Providence has bleſſed our endeavours, we continue to get forward in the world, we are very happy in ourſelves, and thank God we have it in our power to aſiſt our friend Fayette; do not be a Marquis any longer, all the great people in the world are not worth one true friend; you ſhall go along with me into the country, you ſhall learn my trade which will be eaſily done, I will take you in partner, and we will live chearfully together in the obſcure but happy retreat where we were born."

Fayette heard this propoſal with undeſcribeable ſenſations; his heart was divided between grief and joy, tenderneſs and ſhame, and turning to his true friend ſaid, in a humble voice, "all my gay friends have deſerted me, and Graſſe whom I injuriouſly neglected, has afforded me that comfort, which from him I did not deſerve." What

a lecture

a lecture is this for thoſe who are entering into life? the virtue of Graſſe called out the virtue which lay hidden in the breaſt of Fayette, and which all his habits of folly and diſſipation had not deſtroyed. He felt a ſecret repugnance to deſert his father and mother. "We will take care of thy mother, ſaid Graſſe, and as to the good man thy father, who is in priſon, I know a little of the world, and his creditors knowing he has nothing to ſatisfy them, will compound their debts for a trifle, and I will take upon me to make an end of matters with them, and ſet him once more clear in the world." Graſſe was very ſoon as good as his word, the old man was diſcharged out of priſon, and his creditors gave him a general releaſe. Fayette returned with his friends into his native country, and took his parents with him who followed their original profeſſion. Fayette married Graſſe's ſiſter, who being of the ſame amiable diſpoſition with her brother, made him very happy, and Fayette the father, Fayette the mother, and Fayette the ſon, were at laſt thoroughly convinced, that happineſs is not to be found in vanity.

New Obſervations on Apparitions.

AT a little diſtance from an old gentleman's houſe in the country, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are ſhot up ſo very high, that when one paſſes under them, the rooks and crows that reſt upon the top of them, ſeem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this ſort of noiſe, which I conſider as a kind of natural

natural prayer to that Being who ſupplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Pſalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, becauſe of an ill report it lies under of being *haunted*; for which reaſon, (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it beſides the chaplain. My good friend the butler, deſired me with a grave face, not to venture myſelf after ſun-ſet, for that one of the footmen had been frighted almoſt out of his wits by a ſpirit that appeared to him in the ſhape of a black horſe without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago, one of the maids coming home late that way, with a pail of milk upon her head, heard ſuch a ruſtling that ſhe let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place laſt night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the moſt proper ſcenes in the world for a ghoſt to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are ſcattered up and down on every ſide, and half covered with ivy and elder buſhes, the harbours of ſeveral ſolitary birds, which ſeldom make their appearance until the duſk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has ſtill ſeveral marks in it of graves and burying places; there is ſuch an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you ſtamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the ſound repeated. At the ſame time, the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding ſolemn and venerable. Theſe objects naturally raiſe ſerioufneſs and attention; and when night heightens the awfulneſs of the place, and pours out her ſupernumerary horrors upon every thing in it,

I do

I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with ſpectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his Chapter of the Aſſociation of Ideas, has very curious remarks to ſhow how by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind, a whole ſet that bear no reſemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among ſeveral examples of this kind he produces the following inſtance: The ideas of goblins and ſprights, have really no more to do with darkneſs than light; yet let but a fooliſh maid inculcate theſe often on the mind of a boy, and raiſe them there together, poſſibly he ſhall never be able to ſeparate them again ſo long as he lives, but darkneſs ſhall ever afterwards bring with it thoſe frightful ideas, and they ſhall be ſo joined, that he can no more bear the one nor the other. As I was walking in this ſolitude, where the duſk of the evening conſpired with ſo many other occaſions of terror, I obſerved a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to ſtartle, might eaſily have conſtrued into a black horſe without an head, and I dare ſay the poor footman loſt his wits upon ſome ſuch trivial occaſion.

My old friend in the country has often told me with a good deal of mirth, that at his firſt coming to his eſtate, he found three parts of his houſe altogether uſeleſs; that the beſt room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noiſes had been heard in his long gallery, ſo that he could not get a ſervant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, becauſe there was a ſtory in the family, that a butler had formerly hanged himſelf in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had ſhut up

half the rooms in the houſe, in which either her huſband, a ſon, or daughter had died. My friend ſeeing his habitation reduced to ſo ſmall a compaſs, and himſelf in a manner ſhut out of his own houſe, upon the death of his mother, ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and exorciſed by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means diſſipated the fears which had ſo long reigned in the family.

General Inſtructions of a Mother to a Daughter for her Conduct in Life.

IN the plan of your education, my dear Julian, I have conſulted your glory more than my own, and ſhall be completely happy to ſee you perfect, without any vanity in having doubly formed you, by blood and precepts. The only pleaſure I propoſe to myſelf is ſeeing you follow them, which your docility in liſtening flatters me you will do. I give you my inſtructions in writing, that in what place or condition you are, they may be always preſent with you, and that when death deprives you of me, it may not at the ſame time, rob you of that which may be more uſeful to you than myſelf. A cuſtom wiſely introduced into the world, having made me truſt your bringing up to perſons who are, by being ſhut in a cloiſter, ſecured from all worldly troubles, will therefore prevent two things equally unhappy; either too great an inclination for a monaſtic life, or too violent for an abhorrence of it; be upon your guard, my deareſt Julian, againſt both. Youth always fond of novelty, often ſurrenders itſelf without conſulting reaſon. The tranquility of a monaſtic life,

life, the enticing diſcourſes of thoſe whoſe only aim is to make you embrace the vows they are already bound by, make me apprehend your adding to the number of ſo many young creatures, who are, by an acceſſible grate often rendered more wretched than thoſe whoſe morals have been corrupted by the world. When remorſe aſſaults one in the cloiſter, we muſt be very particularly endowed with grace to find any remedy, ſince the only ones that can be applied, are the very cauſes of our affliction; as retirement, prayer, and a regular religious life. One is then apt to paint the world in ſuch lively and beautiful colours, that one burns with an impatience to be in it, and cannot forbear lamenting the impoſſibility there is of ever doing it. How will the mind, in ſuch a caſe, be racked with ten thouſand torturing ideas! One thinks thoſe very things filled with charms, which are in reality, ſubjects only of ſorrow and vexation; vice appears dreſſed in the ſhape of virtue, and without ſinning in the practical part, one does ſo doubly in the theoretic.

When a perſon has lived in the world, and has the misfortune to give into ſome of the little follies of it, the remorſe of an irregular conduct, and the diſguſt of a life filled with intrigue, every one ſees in proper colours, and one looks on retirement as the moſt ſovereign bleſſing. We ought therefore to know ourſelves thoroughly before we enter into ſuch a life; but perhaps you will ſay, muſt we then plunge ourſelves into vice, that our return to virtue may be with the more vigour? No, that is not what I mean, but I would have you be a witneſs of the failings of others, without erring yourſelf, that ill examples may ſerve as a preſervative to your diſcretion; and that comparing the troubles, noiſe, hurry, and con-

fuſion, and an intereſting and intriguing world, with the ſerene comforts of retirement, you may conſult your heart in the choice, and then embrace that to which you are moſt inclined. One may live as regularly in the world as in a cloiſter, and perhaps better; a generous mind, when it has the power of doing evil, will rather avoid it, than when it is under a conſtraint.

The charms with which heaven has bleſſed you, while they delight the eye, make me tremble for you hereafter.—Beauty has often been the rock on which virtue has ſplit, when care has not been taken to enrich the mind with meaſures which may defend it in all the various changes of life. A ſplendid fortune is ever attended by luxury, whoſe companion is coquetry. The adoration of the men, and the perpetual flatteries one meets with from them, are often too pleaſing to our vanity, and by liſtening to a number, the heart is uncertain in its determination, and one inſenſibly gives up to a crowd, that reputation we fear to truſt with one ſingle perſon, and which ought to be dearer to one than one's life. Poverty, misfortunes, and a life embittered with eternal vexations, are no leſs fatal to virtue; ſuch a woman is apt to make uſe of her beauty to ſubdue her enemies, to procure her friends in time of need; ſhe meets it is probable with dangerous conſolers, and her honour is the ſacrifice to gratitude. To prevent theſe accidents, wiſdom is the only means, but endeavour to be wiſe without affectation; wiſdom does not require ſo much outward ſhew as vice and ſeverity. Be prudent without being a prude; let your modeſty be accompanied with gaiety, and your reſerve with good nature; apply yourſelf to learn what will embelliſh your mind, but let not vanity attend your knowledge; let

your

your philoſophy be Chriſtian; be affable and obliging to all, intimate but with few; pity the misfortunes you are in no proſpect of feeling, behave without too much ſubmiſſion to your equals, and without pride to your inferiors; comfort the diſtreſſed of all conditions; do nothing but what is praiſe worthy, without aiming at praiſe, for the oſtentation of a good action often eclipſes the glory which it would otherwiſe deſerve. If fate allots you to a happy marriage, make the bleſſing permanent by love, virtue and a generous confidence. If on the contrary you are unfortunately ſo, and your mind torn and diſtracted with the agonies of domeſtic jars, look out for friends who have a greater regard for your virtue than your beauty; and if by that means you get no relief, ſeek it from him who alone can extricate us out of the deepeſt diſtreſs. If you love your huſband paſſionately, and he but ill returns your tenderneſs, let mildneſs, complaiſance, and a blameleſs conduct, be the only arms wherewith you combat his ill humour; jealouſy, ſullenneſs, or a peeviſh melancholy, will never regain a heart liable to wandering. If the match is diſproportioned, and he happens to be very agreeable in his humour, but the contrary in his perſon, never ceaſe endeavouring to conquer your diſlike, and remember the beauties of the mind are by far the moſt preferable. If you chance to be equally indifferent to each other, let not that draw you into any irregularities, ſhun the opportunities of finding in another the charms that are wanting in your huſband, and let the force of duty ſupply the defects of fondneſs.

It is in ſuch circumſtances as thoſe that it is difficult to preſerve one's virtue; but then it is at theſe times, that it is moſt requiſite, and appears

with greater luſtre. A woman perfectly happy, who is not wanting in her duty, is eſteemed without being praiſed, becauſe having no complaint, ſhe has no pretence for doing otherwiſe; but a woman that is unfortunate and yet wiſe, ſeems to exceed even expectation. The virgin or the widow ſtate alſo ſeems to me as much or more expoſed to danger, as a young woman that is left without father or mother, and entirely miſtreſs of her actions, cannot be too circumſpect in them. She takes no ſtep that does not endanger her reputation; if ſhe keeps a great deal of company, ſhe paſſes for a coquette; if ſhe confines herſelf to a few ſelect friends, ſhe then has ſome ſecret intrigue; in ſhort every body paſs their judgment upon her with leſs charity, becauſe they know ſhe has no body to be reſponſible for her conduct. It is then I adviſe retirement, but without entering into religious orders. If you ſhould marry, and your huſband die, take care not to imitate thoſe women, who think, becauſe they have no body to whom they are obliged to be accountable for what they do, they may with ſafety abandon themſelves to an irregular conduct, believing that under the umbrage of their crape, they may conceal the looſe inclinations of their hearts. A widow ought to be more nice in her behaviour, than either a wife or a maid; the ſtate ſhe has paſſed through ſhould make her obſerve a great decorum, ſince ſhe ought to reſume the modeſty and innocence of a maid, with the knowledge of a wife; wiſdom muſt be her inſeparable guide, or ſhe will be liable to cenſure; if ſhe can therefore be diſengaged from the cares of a family, and the affairs which are capable of retaining her in the world, the beſt thing ſhe can do, is to retire herſelf from it; ſhe knows all the deficiencies of it, the injuſtice, the cruelty,

cruelty, and the afflictions of it; the pleaſure ſhe has enjoyed not having recompenſed the pains, a cloiſter is for her a ſafe and ſure aſylum.

Thus, my deareſt Julian, have I led you through the different ſtages of human life, and hope when you read this, you will rather think it came from a friend, whoſe tenderneſs endeavoured to make you perfect, than from a mother grown ſecure by age; and do not enquire whether ſhe who gave you theſe leſſons obſerved them herſelf; only think, that ſhe who could give them, was capable of following them; others faults do not leſſen ours, but ought to ſerve as examples to deter us from them. I flatter myſelf, from the obſervations I have made on your temper, that this abridgement of your conduct may be ſerviceable to you in all the inſtances of your life, on which I beſeech the divine Being to pour his holy bleſſings.

A

NEW AND ELEGANT COLLECTION

OF

POEMS.

With ſome ORIGINALS never before printed.

HEALTH; an Eclogue.

NOW early ſhepherds o'er the meadow paſs,
And print long footſteps in the glitt'ring graſs;
The cows neglectful of their paſture ſtand,
By turns obſequious to the milker's hand:
When Damon ſoftly trod the ſhaven lawn,
Damon, a youth from city cares withdrawn;
Long was the pleaſant walk he wander'd thro';
A cover'd arbour clos'd the diſtant view;
There reſts the youth, and while the feather'd throng
Raiſe their wild muſic, thus contrives a ſong.
Here wafted o'er by mild Eteſian air,
Thou country Goddeſs, beauteous health! repair;
Here let my breaſt thro' quiv'ring trees inhale
Thy roſy bleſſings with the morning gale.
What are the fields, or flow'rs, or all I ſee?
Ah! taſteleſs all, if not enjoy'd with thee.
Joy to my ſoul! I feel the Goddeſs nigh,
The face of nature chears as well as I;

O'er

O'er the flat green refreſhing breezes run,
The ſmiling daiſies blow beneath the ſun,
The brooks run purling down with ſilver waves,
The planted lanes rejoice with dancing leaves,
The chirping birds from all the compaſs rove
To tempt the tuneful echoes of the grove:
High ſunny ſummits, deeply ſhaded dales,
Thick moſſy banks, and flow'ry winding vales,
With various proſpect gratify the ſight,
And ſcatter fix'd attention in delight.
Come, country Goddeſs, come; nor thou ſuffice,
But bring thy mountain-ſiſter, Exerciſe.
Call'd by thy lively voice, ſhe turns her pace,
Her winding horn proclaims the finiſh'd chace;
She mounts the rocks, ſhe ſkims the level plain,
Dogs, hawks, and horſes, crowd her early train;
Her hardy face repells the tanning wind,
And lines and meſſes looſely float behind.
All theſe as means of toil the feeble ſee,
But theſe are helps to pleaſure join'd with thee.
Let Sloth lie ſoft'ning 'till high noon in down,
Or lolling fan her in the ſultry town,
Unnerv'd with reſt; and turn her own diſeaſe,
Or foſter others in luxurious eaſe:
I mount the courſer, call the deep-mouth'd hounds,
The fox unkennell'd flies to covert grounds;
I lead where ſtags thro' tangled thickets tread,
And ſhake the ſapplings with their branching head;
I make the falcons wing their airy way,
And ſoar to ſeize, or ſtooping ſtrike their prey;
To ſnare the fiſh I fix the luring bait;
To wound the fowl I load the gun with fate.
'Tis thus thro' change of exerciſe I range,
And ſtrength and pleaſure riſe from ev'ry change.

Here

Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

Oh come, thou Goddeſs of my rural ſong,
And bring thy daughter, calm Content, along,
Dame of the ruddy cheek and laughing eye,
From whoſe bright preſence clouds of ſorrow fly:
For her I mow my walks, I plait my bow'rs,
Clip my low hedges, and ſupport my flow'rs;
To welcome her, this ſummer ſeat I dreſt,
And here I court her if ſhe comes to reſt;
When ſhe from exerciſe to learned eaſe
Shall change again, and teach the change to pleaſe.
Now friends converſing my ſoft hours refine,
And Tully's Tuſculum revives in mine:
Now to grave books I bid the mind retreat,
And ſuch as make me rather good than great.
Or o'er the works of eaſy fancy rove,
Where flutes and innocence amuſe the grove;
The native bard that on Sicilian plains
Firſt ſung the lowly manners of the ſwains;
Or Maro's Muſe that in the faireſt light
Paints rural proſpects and the charms of ſight:
Theſe ſoft amuſements bring content along,
And fancy, void of ſorrow, turns to ſong.

Here beauteous Health for all the year remain,
When the next comes, I'll charm thee thus again.

The FLIES.

WHEN in the river cows for coolneſs ſtand,
And ſheep for breezes ſeek the lofty land,
A youth,

A youth, whom Æſop taught that ev'ry tree,
Each bird and inſect ſpoke as well as he;
Walk'd calmly muſing in a ſhaded way,
Where flow'ring hawthorn broke the ſunny ray,
And thus inſtructs his moral pen to draw
A ſcene that obvious in th' field he ſaw.
Near a low ditch, where ſhallow waters meet,
Which never learnt to glide with liquid feet,
Whoſe Neiads never prattle as they play,
But ſcreen'd with hedges ſlumber out the day,
There ſtands a ſlender fern's aſpiring ſhade,
Whoſe anſw'ring branches regularly laid
Put forth their anſwering boughs, and proudly riſe
Three ſtories upward, in the nether ſkies.
For ſhelter here, to ſhun the noon-day heat,
An airy nation of the Flies retreat;
Some in ſoft air their ſilken pinions ply,
And ſome from bough to bough delighted fly,
Some riſe, and circling light to perch again;
A pleaſing murmur hums along the plain.
So, when a ſtage invites to pageant ſhows,
(If great and ſmall are like) appear the beaux;
In boxes ſome with ſpruce pretenſion ſit,
Some change from ſeat to ſeat within the pit,
Some roam the ſcenes, or turning ceaſe to roam;
Preluding muſic fills the lofty dome.
When thus a fly (if what a fly can ſay
Deſerves attention) rais'd the rural lay.
Where late Amintor made a nymph a bride,
Joyful I flew by young Favonia's ſide,
Who mindleſs of the feaſting, went to ſip
The balmy pleaſure of the ſhepherd's lip.
I ſaw the wanton, where I ſtoop'd to ſup,
And half reſolv'd to drown me in the cup;
'Till bruſh'd by careleſs hands, ſhe ſoar'd above:
Ceaſe, beauty, ceaſe to vex a tender love.

Thus

Thus ends the youth, the buzzing meadow rung,
And thus the rival of his mufic ſung.
When ſuns by thouſands ſhone in orbs of dew,
I wafted ſoft with Zephyretta flew;
Saw the clean pail, and ſought the milky cheer,
Where little Daphne ſeiz'd my roving dear.
Wretch that I was! I might have warn'd the dame,
Yet ſat indulging as the danger came,
But the kind huntreſs let her free to ſoar:
Ah! guard, ye Lovers, guard a miſtreſs more.
Thus from the fern, whoſe high-projecting arms,
The fleeting nation bent with duſky ſwarms,
The Swains their love in eaſy mufic breathe,
When tongues and tumult ſtun the field beneath,
Black Ants in teams come darkning all the road,
Some call to march, and ſome to lift the load;
They ſtrain, they labour with inceſſant pains,
Preſs'd by the cumb'rous weight of ſingle grains.
The Flies ſtruck ſilent gaze with wonder down:
The buſy Burghers reach their earthy town;
Where lay the burthens of a wint'ry ſtore,
And thence unwearied part in ſearch of more.
Yet one grave ſage a moment's ſpace attends,
And the ſmall city's loftieſt point aſcends,
Wipes the ſalt dew that trickles down his face,
And thus harangues them with the graveſt grace.
Ye fooliſh nurſlings of the Summer air,
Theſe gentle tunes and whining ſongs forbear;
Your trees and whiſp'ring breeze, your grove and love,
Your Cupid's quiver, and his mother's dove:
Let bards to buſineſs bend their vig'rous wing,
And ſing but ſeldom, if they love to ſing:

Elſe

Elſe, when the flow'rets of the ſeaſon fail,
And this your fenny ſhade forſakes the vale,
Tho' one would ſave ye, not one grain of wheat
Should pay ſuch ſongſters idling at my gate.
He ceas'd: the flies, incorrigibly vain,
Heard the mayor's ſpeech, and fell to ſing again.

The MAN of ROSS, a Poetic Tale.

ALL our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of Ross," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? The MAN of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.

Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a uſeleſs race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh'd, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of debts, and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſs'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, grandeur, bluſh! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little ſtars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
And what! no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown!
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

The Country Clergyman.

NEAR yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flow'r grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or ſeek for pow'r,
By doctrines faſhion'd to th' varying hour;

Far

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More ſkill'd to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt faltering accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.

The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heav'n.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

THE WISH.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a ſtranger to our ſight,
Say, goddeſs, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auſpices impart,
And for thy temple chooſe my heart.
They, whom thou deigneſt to inſpire,
Thy ſcience learn, to bound deſire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleaſure all they find;
They both diſdain in outward mien
The grave and ſolemn garb of ſpleen,
And meretricious arts of dreſs,
To feign a joy, and hide diſtreſs:
Unmov'd when the rude tempeſt blows
Without an opiate they repoſe;
And cover'd by your ſhield, defy
The whizzing ſhafts, that round them fly:

Nor

Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themſelves with diſtant cares;
But place their bliſs in mental reſt,
And feaſt upon the good poſſeſs'd.
  Forc'd by ſoft violence of pray'r,
The blithſome goddeſs ſooths my care,
I feel the deity inſpire,
And thus ſhe models my deſire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity ſecurely made,
A farm ſome twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, ſalubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never ſaw the town,
A ſerving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to pleaſe,
Fit to converſe, and keep the keys;
And better to preſerve the peace,
Commiſſion'd by the name of niece;
With underſtandings of a ſize
To think their maſter very wiſe
May heav'n (it's all I wiſh for) ſend
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Diſplay benevolence, not ſtate.
And may my humble dwelling ſtand
Upon ſome choſen ſpot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geeſe may ſwim:
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in ev'ning fair
Breathe all around ambroſial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a ſlope with buſhes crown'd,

Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a ſong;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which ſenſe and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which viſion bounds,
Like amphitheatre ſurrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in duſk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here ſtillneſs, height, and ſolemn ſhade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the ſpreading beech,
Inſpire, and docile fancy teach;
While ſoft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulſes ruſtle through the mind:
Here Dryads, ſcorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In meaſur'd motions friſk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There ſee the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Freſh paſtures ſpeckled o'er with ſheep,
Brown fields their fallow ſabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden treſſes wear,
And poppy-top-knots deck her hair,
And ſilver-ſtreams through meadows ſtray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And leſſer nymphs on ſide of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus ſhelter'd, free from care and ſtrife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, ſafe in low degree,
As men at land ſee ſtorms at ſea,

And laugh at miſerable elves,
Not kind, ſo much as to themſelves,
Curs'd with ſuch ſouls of baſe alloy;
As can poſſeſs, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleaſure to impart
By av'rice, ſphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, had earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry ſmile,
Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
And little treſpaſſes forgive,
With income not in fortune's pow'r,
And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
With trips to town life to amuſe,
To purchaſe books, and hear the news,
To ſee old friends, bruſh off the clown,
And quicken taſte at coming down,
Unhurt by ſickneſs' blaſting rage,
And ſlowly mellowing into age,
When fate extends its gath'ring gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to bloſſom ſoon again.

The Progress of Human Life.

ALL the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts:
His acts being ſeven ages. At firſt the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurſe's arms.

And

And then the whining ſchool-boy, with his ſatchel,
And ſhining morning-face, creeping like ſnail
Unwillingly to ſchool. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his miſtreſs' eye-brow. Then a ſoldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, ſudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the juſtice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances,
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His uſeful hoſe well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

MILTON's Morning Hymn.

THESE are thy glorious work, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable! who ſitt'ſt above theſe heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy lowlieſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and pow'r divine.

Speak

Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.
Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'd the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſon of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon that now meets the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations, that now riſe
From hill or ſtreaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhow'rs,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breath ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,

Melodious

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls; ye birds,
That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

An Elegy to an Old Beauty.

IN vain, poor nymph, to pleaſe our youthful ſight
You ſleep in cream and frontlets all the night,
Your face with patches ſoil, with paint repair,
Dreſs with gay gowns, and ſhade with foreign hair.
If truth in ſpite of manners muſt be told,
Why really fifty-five is ſomething old.
Once you were young; or one whoſe life's ſo long
She might have born my mother, tells me wrong.
And one (ſince envy's dead before you die,)
The women own, you play'd a ſparkling eye,
Taught the light foot a modiſh little trip,
And pouted with the prettieſt purple lip—
To ſome new charmer are the roſes fled,
Which blew to damaſk all thy cheek with red;
Youth calls the graces there to fix their reign,
And airs by thouſands fill their eaſy train.

So

So parting Summer bids her flow'ry prime
Attend the ſun to dreſs ſome foreign clime,
While withering ſeaſons in ſucceſſion, here,
Strip the gay gardens, and deform the year.
But thou (ſince Nature bids) the world reſign,
'Tis now thy daughter's daughter's time to ſhine,
With more addreſs, (or ſuch as pleaſes more)
She runs her female exerciſes o'er,
Unfurls or cloſes, raps or turns the fan,
And ſmiles, or bluſhes at the creature Man.
With quicker life, as gilded coaches paſs,
In ſideling courteſy ſhe drops the glaſs.
With better ſtrength, on viſit-days, ſhe bears
To mount her fifty flights of ample ſtairs.
Her mien, her ſhape, her temper, eyes, and tongue
Are ſure to conquer,—for the rogue is young;
And all that's madly wild, or oddly gay,
We call it only pretty Fanny's way.
Let time, that makes you homely, make you ſage;
The ſphere of wiſdom is the ſphere of age.
'Tis true, when beauty dawns with early fire,
And hears the flatt'ring tongues of ſoft deſire,
If not from virtue, from its graveſt ways
The ſoul with pleaſing avocation ſtrays.
But beauty gone, 'tis eaſier to be wiſe;
As harpers better, by the loſs of eyes.
Henceforth retire, reduce your roving airs,
Haunt leſs the plays, and more the public pray'rs,
Reject the Mechlin head, and gold brocade,
Go pray, in ſober Norwich crape array'd.
Thy pendent diamonds let thy Fanny take,
(Their trembling luſtre ſhows how much you ſhake;)
Or bid her wear thy necklace row'd with pearl,
You'll find your Fanny an obedient girl.
So for the reſt, with leſs incumbrance hung,
You walk thro' life unmingled with the young;

And view the ſhade and ſubſtance as you paſs
With joint endeavour trifling at the glaſs,
Or folly dreſt, and rambling all her days,
To meet her counterpart, and grow by praiſe:
Yet ſtill ſedate yourſelf, and gravely plain,
You neither fret, nor envy at the vain.
'Twas thus (if man with woman we compare)
The wiſe Athenian croſt a glitt'ring fair,
Unmov'd by tongues and ſights, he walk'd the place,
Thro' tape, toys, tinſel, gimp, perfume, and lace;
Then bends from Mars's hill his awful eyes,
And, What a world I never want? he cries;
But cries unheard: for Folly will be free.
So parts the buzzing gaudy croud, and he:
As careleſs he for them, as they for him;
He wrapt in wiſdom, and they whirl'd by whim.

The BOOK-WORM.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day
The Book-worm, ravening beaſt of prey,
Produc'd by parent earth, at odds
(As fame reports it) with the gods.
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Againſt a thouſand authors lives:
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his head with cluſt'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tuſks within,
And ſcales to ſerve him for a ſkin.
Obſerve him nearly, leſt he climb
To wound the bards of ancient time,
Or down the vale of fancy go
To tear ſome modern wretch below:

On

On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he ſlips thee by.
  See where his teeth a paſſage eat:
We'll rouſe him from the deep retreat.
But who the ſhelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis ſacred Virgil, as I live!
From leaf to leaf, from ſong to ſong,
He draws the tadpole form along,
He mounts the gilded edge before,
He's up, he ſcuds the cover o'er,
He turns, he doubles, there he paſt,
And here we have him, caught at laſt.
  Inſatiate brute, whoſe teeth abuſe
The ſweeteſt ſervants of the Muſe.
(Nay never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)
His roſes nipt in every page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage.
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Leſbia's ſparrow dies:
Thy rapid teeth have half deſtroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd,
They rent Belinda's locks away,
And ſpoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.
For all, for every ſingle deed,
Relentleſs juſtice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myſelf the prieſt, my deſk the ſhrine.
  Bring Homer, Virgil, Taſſo near,
To pile a ſacred altar here;
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that D—s writ;
You reach'd me Ph—s ruſtic ſtrain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.
Come bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes

This venerable duſt I lay,
From manuſcripts juſt ſwept away.
The goblet in my hand I take,
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praiſe;
Senſe may they ſeek, and leſs engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches ſpoil their vein,
Ye Muſes, make them poor again.
Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I ſtrike the ſcales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The ſacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.
How like the ſon of Jove I ſtand,
This Hydra ſtretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monſter's entrails here,
To ſee what dangers threat the year:
Ye gods! what ſonnets on a wench?
What lean tranſlations out of French?
'Tis plain, this lobe is ſo unſound,
S— prints, before the months go round.
But hold, before I cloſe the ſcene,
The ſacred altar ſhould be clean.
Oh had I Sh—ll's ſecond bays,
Or T—! thy part and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never miſs'd your works till now)
I'd tear the leaves to wipe the ſhrine,
(That only way you pleaſe the Nine)
But ſince I chance to want theſe two,
I'll make the ſongs of D—y do.
Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the ſcales that brac'd it in;

I hang

I hang my ſtudious morning gown,
And write my own inſcription down.
" This trophy from the Python won,
" This robe, in which the deed was done,
" Theſe, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
" Hung on theſe ſhelves, the Muſes ſeat.
" Here Ignorance and Hunger found
" Large realms of wit to ravage round;
" Here Ignorance and Hunger fell;
" Two foes in one I ſent to hell.
" Ye poets, who my labours ſee,
" Come ſhare the triumph all with me!
" Ye critics! born to vex the Muſe,
" Go mourn the grand ally you loſe.

A New Allegory on MAN.

A Thoughtful being, long and ſpare,
Our race of mortals call him Care:
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too)
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' not one bought.
This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal ſable head,
Contriv'd a ſhape impower'd to breathe,
And be the wordling here beneath.
The Man roſe ſtaring, like a ſtake;
Wondering to ſee himſelf awake!
Then look'd ſo wiſe, before he knew
The buſineſs he was made to do;
That pleas'd to ſee with what a grace
He gravely ſhew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-ſomething of the ſky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a poet's god:
(For which his curls ambroſial ſhake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake:)
He ſaw old mother Earth ariſe,
She ſtood confeſs'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read ſhe wore,
A caſtle for a crown before,
Nor with long ſtreets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone ſhe dreſt,
And trail'd a landſkip-painted veſt.
Then thrice ſhe rais'd (as Ovid ſaid)
And thrice ſhe bow'd her weighty head.
Her honours made, great Jove, ſhe cry'd,
This thing was faſhion'd from my ſide;
His hands, his heart, his head are mine;
Then what haſt thou to call him thine?
Nay rather aſk, the monarch ſaid,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head,
Were that I gave remov'd away?
Thy part's an idle ſhape of clay.
Halves, more than halves! cry'd honeſt Care,
Your pleas would make your titles fair,
You claim the body, you the ſoul,
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.
Thus with the gods debate began,
On ſuch a trivial cauſe, as Man.
And can celeſtial tempers rage?
(Quoth Virgil in a later age.)
As thus they wrangled, Time came by;
(There's none that paint him ſuch as I,
For what the fabling ancients ſung
Makes Saturn old, when Time was young.)
As yet his winters had not ſhed
Their ſilver honours on his head;

He

He juſt had got his pinions free
From his old ſire Eternity.
A ſerpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth before;
By which our almanacks are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A ſtaff he carry'd, where on high
A glaſs was fix'd to meaſure by,
As amber boxes made a ſhow
For heads of canes an age ago.
His veſt, for day, and night, was py'd;
A bending ſickle arm'd his ſide;
And ſpring's new months his train adorn;
The other ſeaſons were unborn.
Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cauſe.
O'er a low trunk his arm he laid
(Where ſince his hours a dial made;)
Then leaning heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of fate.
Since body from the parent Earth,
And ſoul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they firſt began;
But ſince their union makes the Man,
'Till Jove and Earth ſhall part theſe two,
To Care, who join'd them, Man is due.
He ſaid, and ſprung with ſwift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Wherever ſince the ſeaſons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.
'Tis well, ſaid Jove; and for conſent
Thund'ring he ſhook the firmament.
Our umpire Time ſhall have his way,
With Care I let the creature ſtay:
Let buſ'neſs vex him, avarice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,

Let error act, opinion ſpeak,
And want afflict, and ſickneſs break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy diſtract, and ſorrow kill.
'Till arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long deſtructive blow;
And waſted Man, whoſe quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find, by this decree,
The ſoul flies ſooner back to me.

The ELYSIUM Fields.

IN airy fields, the fields of bliſs below,
Where woods of myrtle ſet by Maro grow;
Where graſs beneath, and ſhade diffus'd above,
Refreſh the fever of diſtracted love:
There at a ſolemn tide, the beauties ſlain
By tender paſſion, act the fates again:
Thro' gloomy light that juſt betrays the grove,
In Orgies all diſconſolately rove;
They range the reeds, and o'er the poppies ſweep,
That nodding bend beneath their load of ſleep;
By lakes ſubſiding with a gentle face,
And rivers gliding with a ſilent pace,
Where kings and ſwains, by antient authors ſung,
Now chang'd to flow'rets, o'er the margin hung;
The ſelf-admirer, white Narciſſus, ſo
Fades at the brink, his picture fades below;
In bells of azure, Hyacinth aroſe,
In crimſon painted young Adonis glows;
The fragrant Crocus ſhone with golden flame,
And leaves inſcrib'd with Ajax' haughty name.

A ſad

A ſad remembrance brings their lives to view,
And with their paſſion makes their tears renew;
Unwinds the years, and lays the former ſcene,
Where after death, they live for deaths again.
Loſt by the glories of her lover's ſtate,
Deluded Semele bewails her fate,
And runs, and ſeems to burn, the flames ariſe,
And fan with idle furies as ſhe flies.
The lovely Cænis, whoſe transforming ſhape
Secur'd her honour from a ſecond rape,
Now moans the firſt, with ruffled dreſs appears,
Feels her whole ſex return, and bathes with tears.
The jealous Procris wipes a ſeeming wound,
Whoſe trickling crimſon dies the buſhy ground,
Knows the ſad ſhaft, and calls before ſhe go,
To kiſs the favourite hand that gave the blow.
O'er a feign'd ocean's rage the Seſtian fair
Holds a dim taper from a tow'r of air;
A noiſeleſs wind aſſaults the wav'ring light,
The beauty tumbling, mingles with the night.
Where curling ſhades for rough Leucate roſe,
With love diſtracted, tuneful Sappho goes;
Sings to mock cliffs a melancholy lay,
And with a lover's leap affrights the ſea.
The ſad Eryphile retreats to moan
What wrought her huſband's death, and caus'd her own;
Surveys the glitt'ring veil, the bribe of fate,
And tears the ſhadow, but ſhe tears too late.
In thin deſign and airy picture fleet
The tales that ſtain the royal houſe of Crete:
To court a lovely bull Paſiphæ flies,
The ſnowy phantom feeds before her eyes;
Loſt Ariadne raves, the thread ſhe bore
Trails on unwinding as ſhe walks the ſhore;
And deſperate Phædra ſeeks the lonely groves
To read her guilty letter while ſhe roves;

Red

Red ſhame confounds the firſt, the ſecond wears
A ſtarry crown, the third a halter bears.
Fair Laodamia mourns her nuptial night
Of love defrauded by the thirſt of fight;
Yet for another as deluſive cries,
And dauntleſs ſees her hero's ghoſt ariſe.
Here Thiſbe, Canace, and Dido ſtand
All arm'd with ſwords, a fair, but angry band;
This ſword a lover own'd, a father gave
The next, the laſt a ſtranger chanc'd to leave.
And there even ſhe, the goddeſs of the grove,
Join'd with the phantom fair, affects to rove,
As once for Latmos ſhe forſook the plain,
To ſteal the kiſſes of a ſlumb'ring ſwain;
Around her head a ſtarry fillet twines,
And at the front a ſilver creſcent ſhines.
Theſe, and a thouſand, and a thouſand more,
With ſacred rage recall the pangs they bore,
Strike the deep dart afreſh, and aſk relief,
Or ſoothe the wound with ſoft'ning words of grief.
At ſuch a tide unheedful love invades
The dark receſſes of the madding ſhades,
Thro' long deſcent he fans the fogs around,
His purple feathers as he flies reſound.
The nimble beauties crowding all to gaze,
Confeſs the common trouble of their eaſe;
Tho' dulling miſts and dubious day deſtroy
The fine appearance of the flutt'ring boy,
Tho' all the pomp that glitters at his ſide,
The golden belt, the claſp and quiver hid,
And tho' the torch appear a gleam of white,
That faintly ſpots and moves thro' hazy night;
Yet ſtill they know the god, the general foe,
And threat'ning lift their airy hands below.
As mindleſs of their rage he ſlowly ſails
On pinions cumber'd in the miſty vales;

(Ah!

(Ah! fool to light) the nymphs no more obey,
Nor was this region ever his to ſway;
Caſt in a deepen'd ring they cloſe the plain,
And ſeize the god reluctant all in vain.
From hence they lead him where a myrtle ſtood,
The ſaddeſt myrtle in the mournful wood,
Devote to vex the god, 'twas here before
Hell's awful empreſs ſoft Adonis bore,
When the young hunter ſcorn'd her graver air,
And only Venus warm'd his ſhadow there.
Fix'd to the trunk the tender boy they bind,
They cord his feet beneath, his hands behind;
He mourns, but vainly mourns his angry fate,
For beauty ſtill relentleſs acts in hate;
Tho' no offence be done, no judge be nigh,
Love muſt be guilty by the common cry;
For all are pleas'd, by partial paſſion led,
To ſhift their follies on another's head.
Now ſharp reproaches ring their ſhrill alarms,
And all the heroines brandiſh all their arms,
And every heroine makes it her decree,
That Cupid ſuffer juſt the ſame as ſhe;
To fix the deſperate halter one eſſay'd;
One ſeeks to wound him with an empty blade;
Some headlong hang the nodding rocks of air,
They fall in fancy, and he feels deſpair;
Some toſs the hollow ſeas around his head,
(The ſeas that want a wave afford a dread)
Or ſhake the torch, the ſparkling fury flies,
And flames that never burn'd, afflict his eyes.
The groaning Myrrha burſts her rinded womb,
And drowns his viſage in the moiſt perfume;
While others, ſeeming mild, adviſe to wound
With humorous pains, by ſly deriſion found;
That prickling bodkins teach the blood to flow,
From whence the roſes firſt begin to glow;

Or

Or in the flames to ſinge the boy prepare,
That all ſhould chuſe by wanton fancy where.
The lovely Venus, with a bleeding breaſt,
She too ſecurely thro' the circle preſt,
Forgot the parent, urg'd his haſty fate,
And ſpurr'd the female rage beyond debate;
O'er all her ſcenes of frailty ſwifty runs,
Abſolves herſelf, and makes the crime her ſon's;
That claſp'd in chains with Mars ſhe chanc'd to lie,
A noted fable of the laughing ſky;
That from her love's intemperate heat began
Sicanian Eryx, born a ſavage man;
The looſe Priapus, and the monſter-wight
In whom the ſexes ſhamefully unite.
Nor words ſuffice the goddeſs of the fair,
She ſnaps the roſy wreath that binds her hair,
Then on the god who fear'd a fiercer woe,
Her hands unpitying dealt the frequent blow;
From all his tender ſkin, a purple dew
The dreadful ſcourges of the chaplet drew;
From whence the roſe by Cupid ting'd before,
Now doubly tinged, flames with luſtre more.
Here ends their wrath; the parent ſeems ſevere,
The ſtrokes unfit for little love to bear;
To ſave their foe the melting beauties fly,
"And cruel mother! ſpare thy child, they cry;"
To love's account they plac'd their deaths of late,
And now transfer the ſad account to fate;
The mother pleas'd beheld the ſtorm aſſuage,
Thank'd the calm mourners, and diſmiſs'd her rage.
Thus Fancy once in duſky ſhade expreſt,
With empty terrors work'd the time of reſt,
Where wretched Love endur'd a world of woe,
For all a Winter's length of night below;
Then ſoar'd, as ſleep diſſolv'd, unchain'd away,
And thro' the port of Ivory reach'd the day.

We ſhall now preſent the PUBLIC *with ſome much eſteemed* PIECES *of* POETRY, *under the Denomination of* SONGS.

SONG.

WHEN thy beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the ſky;
At diſtance I gaze, and am aw'd by my fears,
So ſtrangely you dazzle my eye!

But when without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in bluſhes thro' ev'ry vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

There's a paſſion and pride
In our ſex (ſhe reply'd)
And thus (might I gratify both) I would do:
Still an angel appear to each lover beſide,
But ſtill be a woman to you.

SONG.

THYRSIS, a young and amorous ſwain,
Saw too, the beauties of the plain;
Who both his heart ſubdue:
Gay Cæli 's eyes were dazzling fair,
Sabina's eaſy ſhape and air
With ſofter magic drew.

He

He haunts the ſtream, he haunts the grove,
Lives in a fond romance of love,
And ſeems for each to die;
'Till each a little ſpiteful grown,
Sabina Cælia's ſhape ran down,
And ſhe Sabina's eye.

Their envy made the ſhepherd find
Thoſe eyes, which love could only blind;
So ſet the lover free:
No more he haunts the grove or ſtream,
Or with a true love-knot and name
Engraves a wounded tree.

Ah Cælia (ſly Sabina cry'd)
Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd;
Now to ſupport the ſex's pride,
Let either fix the dart.
Poor girl! (ſays Cælia) ſay no more;
For ſhould the ſwain but one adore,
That ſpite which broke his chains before,
Would break the other's heart.

SONG.

MY days have been ſo wond'rous free,
The little birds that fly
With careleſs eaſe from tree to tree,
Were but as bleſs'd as I.

Ask gliding waters, if a tear
Of mine increas'd their ſtream?
Or ask the flying gales, if e'er
I lent one ſigh to them?

But

But now my former days retire,
And I'm by beauty caught,
The tender chains of ſweet deſire
Are fix'd upon my thought.

Ye nightingales, ye twiſting pines!
Ye ſwains that haunt the grove!
Ye gentle echoes, breezy winds!
Ye cloſe retreats of love!

With all of nature, all of art,
Aſſiſt the dear deſign;
O teach a young unpractis'd heart,
To make my Nancy mine.

The very thought of change I hate,
As much as of deſpair:
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unleſs it be for her.

'Tis true, the paſſion in my mind
Is mix'd with ſoft diſtreſs;
Yet while the fair I love is kind,
I cannot wiſh it leſs.

ANACREONTIC; or Verſes in Imitation of Anacreon, a famous Poet.

WHEN Spring came on with freſh delight,
To chear the ſoul, and charm the ſight,
While eaſy breezes, ſofter rain,
And warmer ſuns ſalute the plain;
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with love.
Green was her robe, and green her wreath,
Where-e'er ſhe trod, 'twas green beneath;

Where-e'er ſhe turn'd, the pulſes beat
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear,
To match for all the coming year.
  Rais'd on a bank, where daizies grew,
And violets intermix'd a blue,
She finds the boy ſhe went to find;
A thouſand pleaſures wait behind,
Aſide, a thouſand arrows lie,
But all unfeather'd wait to fly.
  When they met, the dame and boy,
Dancing graces, idle joy,
Wanton ſmiles, and airy play,
Conſpir'd to make the ſcene be gay;
Love pair'd the birds through all the grove,
And nature bid them ſing to love,
Sitting, hopping, fluttering, ſing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the ſhafts that idle lie,
And yet unfeather'd wait to fly.
  'Tis thus, when ſpring renews the blood,
They meet in ev'ry trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And ev'ry dart they mount with three,
And ev'ry dart can boaſt a kind,
Which ſuits each proper turn of mind.
  From the towering Eagle's plume
The gen'rous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the Peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The ſhafts are ſpeckled by the Hen.
The Pyes and Parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts:
When from the voice the paſſions ſpring,
The warbling Finch affords a wing:

Together, by the Sparrow ſtung,
Down fall the wanton and the young:
And fledg'd by Geeſe the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.
All this (as late I chanc'd to rove)
I learn'd in yonder waving grove.
And ſee, ſays love, (who call'd me near)
How much I deal with nature here,
How both ſupport a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart;
Then ceaſe for ſouls averſe to ſigh,
If nature croſs you, ſo do I;
My weapon there unfeather'd flies,
And ſhakes and ſhuffles through the ſkies.
But if the mutual charms I find
By which ſhe links you, mind to mind,
They wing my ſhafts, I poize the darts,
And ſtrike from both, thro' both your hearts.

A celebrated SONG, in honour of the Gods, Bacchus, Comus, Jocus, Cupid and Venus.

GAY Bacchus liking Eſtcourt's wine,
A noble meal beſpoke us;
And for the gueſts that were to dine,
Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus.

The god near Cupid drew his chair,
Near Comus, Jocus plac'd;
For wine makes love forget its care,
And mirth exalts a feaſt.

The more to pleaſe the ſprightly god,
Each ſweet engaging grace
Put on ſome clothes to come abroad,
And took a waiter's place.

Then Cupid nam'd at ev'ry glaſs
A lady of the ſky;
While Bacchus ſwore he'd drink the laſs,
And had it bumper-high.

Fat Comus toſt his brimmers o'er,
And always got the moſt;
Jocus took care to fill him more,
When-e'er he miſs'd the toaſt.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry touch;
He fill'd, and drank again;
And if the gods can take too much,
'Tis ſaid, they did ſo then.

Gay Bacchus little Cupid ſtung,
By reck'ning his deceits.
And Cupid mock'd his ſtamm'ring tongue,
With all his ſtagg'ring gaits:

And Jocus droll'd on Comus' ways,
And tales without a jeſt;
While Comus call'd his witty plays
But wagg'ries at the beſt.

Such talk ſoon ſet them all at odds;
And, had I Homer's pen,
I'd ſing ye, how they drunk like gods,
And how they fought like men.

To part the fray, the Graces fly,
Who make them ſoon agree;
Nay, had the Furies ſelves been nigh,
They ſtill were three to three.

Bacchus appeas'd, rais'd Cupid up,
And gave him back his bow;

But

But kept ſome darts to ſtir the cup,
Where ſack and ſugar flow.

Jocus took Comus' roſy crown,
And gaily wore the prize,
And thrice, in mirth, he puſh'd him down,
As thrice he ſtrove to riſe.

Then Cupid ſought the myrtle grove,
Where Venus did recline,
And Venus cloſe embracing love,
They join'd to rail at wine.

And Comus loudly curſing wit,
Roll'd off to ſome retreat,
Where boon companions gravely ſit
In fat unwieldy ſtate.

Bacchus and Jocus, ſtill behind,
For one freſh glaſs prepare;
They kiſs, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be ſincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our inſtructive ſong;
For tho' ſuch friendſhips may be dear,
They can't continue long.

HENRY IV's much eſteemed SOLILOQUY on SLEEP.

HOW many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle ſleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs!

Why rather, ſleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoaky cribs
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch,
A watch-caſe to a common larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes:
Can'ſt thou, O partial ſleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low! lie down;
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

A Night-Piece on Death.

BY the blue taper's trembling light,
No more I waſte the wakeful night,
Intent with endleſs view to pore
The ſchoolmen and the ſages o'er:
Their books from Wiſdom widely ſtray,
Or point at beſt the longeſt way.
I'll ſeek a readier path, and go
Where wiſdom's ſurely taught below.

How

How deep yon azure dyes the ſky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their ranks in ſilver pride
The nether creſcent ſeems to glide.
The ſlumb'ring breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is ſmooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the ſpangled ſhow
Deſcends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aſpire,
In dimneſs from the view retire:
The left preſents a place of graves,
Whoſe wall the ſilent water laves.
That ſteeple guides thy doubtful ſight
Among the livid gleams of night,
There paſs with melancholy ſtate,
By all the ſolemn heaps of fate,
And think, as ſoftly-ſad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
"Time, was, like thee thy life poſſeſt,
"And time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt."
Thoſe graves with bending oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought diſcloſe
Where toil and poverty repoſe.
The flat ſmooth ſtones that bear a name,
The chiſſel's ſlender help to fame,
(Which ere our ſet of friends decay
Their frequent ſteps may wear away;)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whoſe pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd ſtones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs and bones,
Theſe (all the poor remains of ſtate)
Adorn the rich, or praiſe the great;

Who while on earth in fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the fame they give.
Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The burſting earth unveils the ſhades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrapt with ſhrouds,
They riſe in viſionary crowds,
And all with ſober accent cry,
"Think, mortal, what it is to die."
Now from yon black and funeral yew,
That bathes the charnel-houſe with dew,
Methinks I hear a voice begin;
(Ye ravens, ceaſe your croaking din,
Ye tolling clocks, no time reſound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)
It ſends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the bones.
When men my ſcythe and darts ſupply,
How great a King of fears am I!
They view me like the laſt of things:
They make, and then they dread, my ſtings.
Fools! if you leſs provok'd your fears,
No more my ſpectre-form appears.
Death's but a path that muſt be trod,
If man would ever paſs to God:
A port of calms, a ſtate of eaſe
From the rough rage of ſwelling ſeas.
Why then thy flowing ſable ſtoles,
Deep pendent cypreſs, mourning poles,
Looſe ſcarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn herſes, cover'd ſteeds,
And plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the ſcutcheons of the dead?
Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the ſoul, theſe forms of woe:
As men who long in priſon dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,

When-e'er

When-e'er their ſuff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring ſun:
Such joy, tho' far tranſcending ſenſe,
Have pious ſouls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few, and evil years they waſte:
But when their chains are caſt aſide,
See the glad ſcene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

An Hymn to Contentment.

LOVELY, laſting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human-kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the ſky
With more of happineſs below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head!
What happy region doſt thou pleaſe
To make the ſeat of calms and eaſe?
Ambition ſearches all its ſphere
Of pomp and ſtate to meet thee there.
Increaſing avarice would find
Thy preſence in its gold enſhrin'd.
The bold adventurer plows his way,
Thro' rocks amidſt the foaming ſea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The ſilent heart with grief aſſails,
Treads ſoft and loneſome o'er the vales,
Sees daiſies open, rivers run,
And ſeeks (as I have vainly done)

Amuſing

Amuſing thought; but learns to know
That ſolitude's the nurſe of woe.
No real happineſs is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground;
Or in a ſoul exalted high
To range the circuit of the ſky,
Converſe with ſtars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The reſt it ſeeks, in ſeeking dies,
And doubts at laſt for knowledge riſe.
Lovely, laſting peace, appear!
This world itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden bleſs'd,
And man contains it in his breaſt.
'Twas thus, as under ſhade I ſtood,
I ſung my wiſhes to the wood,
And loſt in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd as all the quiet place
Confeſs'd the preſence of the grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild paſſions all be ſtill.
Know God—and bring thy heart to know,
The joys which from religion flow:
Then ev'ry grace ſhall prove its gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.
Oh! by yonder moſſy ſeat,
In my hours of ſweet retreat;
Might I thus my ſoul employ,
With ſenſe of gratitude and joy:
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly viſion, praiſe, and pray'r;
Pleaſing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the gardens take my ſight,
With all the colours of delight;

While

While ſilver waters glide along,
To pleaſe my ear, and court my ſong:
I'll liſt my voice, and tune my ſtring,
And thee, great ſource of nature, ſing.
The ſun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day;
The moon that ſhines with borrow'd light;
The ſtars that gild the gloomy night;
The ſeas that roll unnumber'd waves;
The wood that ſpreads its ſhady leaves;
The field whoſe ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treaſure of the plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Should be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their Maker as they can,
But want and aſk the tongue of man.
Go ſearch among your idle dreams,
Your buſy or your vain extremes;
And find a life of equal bliſs,
Or own the next begun in this.

The HERMIT of the Dale; by Dr. Goldſmith.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew;
The moſs his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the cryſtal well:
Remote from man, with God he paſs'd the days,
Pray'r all his buſineſs, all his pleaſure praiſe.
A life ſo ſacred, ſuch ſerene repoſe,
Seem'd heav'n itſelf, 'till one ſuggeſtion roſe;
That vice ſhould triumph, virtue vice obey,
This ſprung ſome doubt of Providence's ſway:
His hopes no more a certain proſpect boaſt,
And all the tenor of his ſoul is loſt:

So

So when a ſmooth expanſe receives impreſt
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breaſt,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And ſkies beneath with anſw'ring colours glow:
But if a ſtone the gentle ſea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry ſide,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken ſun,
Banks, trees, and ſkies in thick diſorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by ſight,
To find if books, or ſwains, report it right;
(For yet by ſwains alone the world he knew,
Whoſe feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-ſtaff he bore,
And fix'd the ſcallop in his hat before;
Then with the ſun a riſing journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was waſted in the pathleſs graſs,
And long and loneſome was the wild to paſs;
But when the ſouthern ſun had warm'd the day,
A youth came poſting o'er the croſſing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And ſoft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, father, hail! he cry'd;
And hail, my ſon, the rev'rend ſire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from queſtion anſwer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
'Till each with other pleas'd, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart;
Thus ſtands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy claſps an elm around.
Now ſunk the ſun; the cloſing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with ſober gray;
Nature in ſilence bid the world repoſe:
When near the road a ſtately palace roſe:
There,

There, by the moon thro' ranks of trees they
paſs,
Whoſe verdure crown'd their ſloping ſides of graſs.
It chanc'd the noble maſter of the dome
Still made his houſe the wand'ring ſtranger's
home:
Yet ſtill the kindneſs, from a thirſt of praiſe,
Prov'd the vain flouriſh of expenſive eaſe.
The pair arriv'd: the liv'ry'd ſervants wait;
Their lord receiv'd them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with coſtly piles of food,
And all is more than hoſpitably good.
Then led to reſt, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep ſunk in ſleep, and ſilk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
A'ong the wide canals the zephyrs play:
Freſh o'er the grey parterres the breezes creep,
And ſhake the neighb'ring wood to baniſh ſleep.
Up riſe the gueſts, obedient to the call:
An early banquet deck'd the ſplendid hall;
Rich luſcious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind maſter forc'd the gueſts to taſte.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they
go;
And, but the landlord, none had cauſe of woe;
His cup was vaniſh'd; for in ſecret guiſe
The youngſter gueſt purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who ſpies a ſerpent in his way,
Gliſt'ning and baſking in the ſummer ray,
Diſorder'd ſtops to ſhun the danger near,
Then walks with faintneſs on, and looks with
fear:
So ſeem'd the ſire; when far upon the road,
The ſhining ſpoil his wily partner ſhow'd.
He ſtop'd with ſilence, walk'd with trembling
heart,
And much he wiſh'd, but durſt not aſk to part:

Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a baſe reward.
While thus they paſs, the ſun his glory ſhrouds,
The changing ſkies hang out their ſable clouds;
A ſound in air preſag'd approaching rain,
And beaſts to covert ſcud acroſs the plain.
Warn'd by the ſigns the wand'ring pair retreat,
To ſeek for ſhelter at a neighb'ring ſeat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a riſing ground,
And ſtrong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and ſevere,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a deſart there.
As near the miſer's heavy door they drew,
Fierce riſing guſts with ſudden fury blew;
The nimble light'ning mix'd with ſhow'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length ſome pity warm'd the maſter's breaſt,
('Twas then his threſhold firſt receiv'd a gueſt)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the ſhiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarſeſt ſort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) ſerv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempeſt firſt appear'd to ceaſe,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With ſtill remark the pond'ring hermit view'd
In one ſo rich, a life ſo poor and rude;
And why ſhould ſuch, (within himſelf he cry'd)
Lock the loſt wealth a thouſand want beſide?
But what new marks of wonder ſoon took place,
In ev'ry ſettling feature of his face!
When from his veſt the young companion bore
That cup, the gen'rous landlord own'd before,

And

And paid profuſely with th' precious bowl
The ſtinted kindneſs of this churliſh ſoul.
But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
The ſun emerging opes an azure ſky;
A freſher green the ſmelling leaves diſplay,
And glitt'ring as they tremble, chear the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad maſter bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's boſom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His part'ners acts without a cauſe appear,
'Twas there a vice, and ſeem'd a madneſs here:
Deteſting that, and pitying this he goes,
Loſt and confounded with th' various ſhows.
Now night's dim ſhades again involve the ſky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie,
Again they ſearch, and find a lodging nigh.
The ſoil improv'd around, the manſion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great:
It ſeem'd to ſpeak its maſter's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praiſe, but virtue kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bleſs the manſion, and the maſter greet:
Their greeting fair, beſtow'd with modeſt guiſe,
The courteous maſter hears, and thus replies:
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part,
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and ſober, more than coſtly cheer.
He ſpoke, and bid the welcome table ſpread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave houſhold round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and cloſe the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repoſe,
Was ſtrong for toil, the dappled morn aroſe;

Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant ſlept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O ſtrange return! grew black, and gaſp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only ſon!
How look'd our hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in ſunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more aſſault his heart.
Confus'd, and ſtruck with ſilence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with ſpeed.
His ſteps the youth purſues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a ſervant ſhow'd the way:
A river croſs'd the path; the paſſage o'er
Was nice to find, the ſervant trod before;
Long arms of oak an open bridge ſupply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who ſeem'd to watch a time to ſin,
Approach'd the careleſs guide, and thruſt him in;
Plunging he falls, and riſing lifts his head,
Then flaſhing turns, and ſinks among the dead.
Wild, ſparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He burſts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Deteſted wretch—but ſcarce his ſpeech began,
When the ſtrange partner ſeem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more ſerenely ſweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points inveſt his hair;
Celeſtial odours breath'd thro' purpled air;
And wings, whoſe colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes diſplay.
The form ethereal burſts upon his ſight,
And moves in all the majeſty of light.
Tho' loud at firſt the pilgrim's paſſion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wiſt not what to do;
Surpriſe in ſecret chains his word ſuſpends,
And in a calm his ſettling temper ends.

But

But ſilence here the beauteous angel broke,
(The voice of muſic raviſh'd as he ſpoke.)
Thy pray'r, thy praiſe, thy life to vice unknown,
In ſweet memorial riſe before the throne:
Thoſe charms, ſucceſs in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind;
For this commiſſion'd, I forſook the ſky:
Nay, ceaſe to kneel—thy fellow-ſervant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let theſe ſcruples be no longer thine.
The Maker juſtly claims the world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its ſacred majeſty thro' all depends
On uſing ſecond means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in ſtate from human eye,
The pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uſes, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting ſons of men be ſtill.
What ſtrange events can ſtrike with more ſurpriſe,
Than thoſe which lately ſtruck thy wond'ring eyes?
Yet taught by theſe, confeſs th' Almighty juſt,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to truſt!
The great, vain man, who far'd on coſtly food,
Whoſe life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry ſtands with goblets ſhine,
And forc'd his gueſts to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceleſs cuſtom loſt,
And ſtill he welcomes, but with leſs of coſt.
The mean, ſuſpicious wretch, whoſe bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bleſs, if mortals will be kind.
Conſcious of wanting worth, he vies the bowl,
And feels compaſſion touch his grateful ſoul.

Thus

Thus artiſts melt the ſullen oar of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And looſe from droſs, the ſilver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And meaſur'd back his ſteps to earth again.
To what exceſſes had his dotage run?
But God, to ſave the father, took the ſon.
To all but thee, in fits he ſeem'd to go,
(And 'twas my miniſtry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the duſt,
Now owns in tears the puniſhment was juſt.
But now had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that falſe ſervant ſped in ſafety back?
This night his treaſur'd heaps he meant to ſteal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus heav'n inſtructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, reſign, and ſin no more.
On ſounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The ſage ſtood wond'ring as the ſeraph flew.
Thus look'd Eliſha, when to mount on high
His maſter took the chariot of the ſky;
The fi'ry pomp aſcending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wiſh'd to follow too.
The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,
"Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done."
Then gladly turning, ſought his ancient place,
And paſs'd a life of piety and peace.

BRITISH MUSEUM 30 66 NOV

The

The *Editor* cannot conclude this *Work* of *Inſtruction* and *Entertainment*, without taking the Liberty of preſenting the Public with an Extract from a new Publication*, written by Mr. John Fellows, who ſeems to poſſeſs an amazing natural Genius for Poetry.

The Preſentation in the Temple.

See *Luke*, ch. ii.

THE eighth glad morn was ſeen to riſe,
The holy babe they circumciſe;
Jeſus the wond'rous child was nam'd,
As e'er his birth by heav'n proclaim'd.
And when the moon her round fulfill'd,
They to the temple take the child:
There with her infant in her hands
The virgin by the altar ſtands;
And, as the law commands it done,
Preſents her off'ring and her Son:

* The New Hiſtory of the Bible in Verſe; containing a conciſe Relation of the ſacred Hiſtory, from the Creation of the World to the Times of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt and his Apoſtles; embelliſhed with elegant Copper-Plates, and admirably calculated for the convenience of the Pocket, being neatly printed with Baſkerville's Types, in four ſmall Volumes.

To our Female Readers particularly, as well as Youth in general, we would earneſtly recommend Mr. FELLOWS's HISTORY *of the* BIBLE *in* VERSE; for a further Account of which ſee the *Catalogue* of *New Books* bound up at the End of this work.

When

When with his ſpirit all on flame,
Amongſt the crowd old Simeon came,
Who, highly favour'd by the ſky,
The Lord had ſhewn he ſhould not die
Before the Saviour he beheld:
And now by heav'nly pow'r impell'd,
His aged arms the infant take,
And loud exulting thus he ſpake:
Lord, 'tis enough! now let me die!
And join the praiſes of the ſky.
True to thy promiſe thou haſt been!
I have thy great ſalvation ſeen!
And thou, bleſs'd babe, ordain'd to riſe
Bright as a ſtar that decks the ſkies,
O'er heathen bands ſhalt ſhine confeſs'd,
And Iſrael ſhall in thee be bleſs'd.
While in the lofty temple ſtay'd
The infant, and the holy maid,
With eager ſteps, and ardent mind,
The general joy a matron join'd,
Who always to the temple came;
And pious Anna was her name:
A propheteſs advanc'd in age;
And ſhe, inſpir'd with holy rage,
The mother and the child ſurveys
With loudeſt ſtrains of lofty praiſe.

FINIS.